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ALCOTT'S
TABLE-TALK

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TABLE-TALK

BY

A. BRONSON ALCOTT

"The art of writing books has not been discovered, but is on the point of being discovered. Fragments of this kind are literary seed-corn. There may be many a barren grain among them, however, if only some will sprout."

NOVALIS.

BOSTON
ROBERTS BROTHERS

1877.

MVR

PS 1012
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1877

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Leisure's labors, genial seasons,
Yielding mild and mellow reasons,—
Apples fair and fit to please,
Served from our Hesperides;
None to watch, who will may steal,
His choice may take, nor theft conceal.





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TABLE-TALK.

Book I.

PRACTICAL.

“The problems of philosophy are to be enjoyed as much as possible as if they were ambrosia and nectar. For the pleasure arising from them is genuine, incorruptible, and divine, and though they cannot make us eternal beings, yet they enable us to obtain a scientific knowledge of eternal natures.”

—*Jamblichus.*

I.

LEARNING.

"We fall down in tearful thankfulness before the writers of
books, —

"Serene creators of immortal things."

— *Landor.*





TABLE-TALK.

BOOKS.

ONE cannot celebrate books sufficiently. After saying his best, still something better remains to be spoken in their praise. As with friends, one finds new beauties at every interview, and would stay long in the presence of those choice companions. As with friends, he may dispense with a wide acquaintance. Few and choice. The richest minds need not large libraries. That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.

Lord Shaftesbury, writing of the literature of his time, thus happily portrays the qualities of a good book. "No work of wit," he says, "can be esteemed perfect without that strength and boldness of hand which give it body and proportion. A good piece, the painters say, must have good muscling, as well as coloring and drapery. And surely no writing or discourse of any great moment can seem other than ener-

vated, when neither strong reason, nor antiquity, nor the record of things, nor the natural history of man, nor anything which can be called knowledge, dares accompany it except in some ridiculous habit which may give it an air of play and dalliance."

Of books in our time the variety is so voluminous, and they follow so fast from the press, that one must be a swift reader to acquaint himself even with their titles, and wise to discern what are worth the reading. It is a wise book that is good from title-page to the end.

"Were I to be judge and no other to be gratified," says Howell, "I think I should silence whole libraries of authors and reduce the world of books into a parcel; whereas, were another to sit censor, it may be all those I had spared would be condemned to darkness and obtain no exemption from those ruins; and were all to be suppressed which some think unworthy of the light, no more would be left than were before Moses and Trismegistus."

I confess to being drawn rather to the antiques, and turn with a livelier expectancy the dingy leaves, finding often inside the worn covers more for my reading than on the snowy pages of most opened by frequenters at the bookstores. I fancy that I am guided by a selecting instinct to lay my hand upon the very volume that had long been seeking my acquaintance. There are patterns of bindings, moreover, that ensure wise contents, wisdom being not less an ancient than contemporary, and retains the physiognomy of its times. One

may remember that time gathers and preserves the best along with the worthless, and the selection is thus the wider. And time must determine those of modern date which may attain immortality. The fewest of any period will hardly be remembered beyond their authors' life-time; and how large the number that never gain general perusal.

An author who sets his reader on sounding the depths of his own thoughts serves him best, and at the same time teaches the modesty of authorship.

The more life embodied in the book, the more companionable. Like a friend, the volume salutes one pleasantly at every opening of its leaves, and entertains; we close it with charmed memories, and come again and again to the entertainment. The books that charmed us in youth recall the delight ever afterwards; we are hardly persuaded there are any like them, any deserving equally our affections. Fortunate if the best fall in our way during this susceptible and forming period of our lives.

I value books for their suggestiveness even more than for the information they may contain, works that may be taken in hand and laid aside, read at moments, containing sentences that quicken my thoughts and prompt to following these into their relations with life and things. I am stimulated and exalted by the perusal of books of this kind, and should esteem myself fortunate if I might add another to the few which the world shall take to its affections.

QUOTATION.

One reads for thought and for quotation not less ; if he find his thought more finely conceived and aptly expressed by another, let him quote without hesitation or apology. He has the highest authority for the practice. How rich is Plutarch's page, Montaigne's, Bacon's ! And what they borrow is of a piece with their own text, giving it added strength and grace. I know the fashion of our time affects disdain of borrowing. But who is rich enough to refuse, or plead honorably for his exclusiveness ? Somehow the printer happens to forget his quotation marks, and the credit of originality goes to the writer none the less.

The plea is that quoting often implies sterility and bad taste. Then Shakespeare and his contemporaries were wanting in wit and fine rhetoric. Hear how Montaigne justifies his practice :—

“Let nobody insist upon the matter I write but my method in writing. Let them observe in what I borrow, if I have known how to choose what is proper to raise or relieve invention, which is always my own ; for I make others say for me what, either for want of language or want of sense, I cannot myself well express. I do not number my borrowings, I weigh them. And had I designed to raise their estimate by their number, I had made twice as many.”

One must be a wise reader to quote wisely and well. And then what service is rendered his reader by ad-

vertising him where the good things are, besides the modesty of the practice. An author should esteem himself honored in his wisely quoted sentences; his fame is published the more widely as the volume circulates and is read.

CRITICISM.

Aubrey relates that, speaking of Lord Bacon's "History of Henry VII," "Sir John Danvers told me that when his lordship had written this history, he sent the manuscript copy to him to desire his opinion of it before it was printed. Quoth Sir John, 'Your lordship knows that I am no scholar.' 'Tis no matter,' said my lord. 'I know what a scholar can say. I would know what you can say.' Sir John read it, and gave his opinion of what he misliked (which I am sorry I have forgot), which my lord acknowledged to be true, and mended it. 'Why,' said he, 'a scholar would never have told me that.'"

It was just what the scholar's eyes would not discern that Lord Bacon would know, and hence his appeal to a man of the world like Sir John. The skill won from the study of books is no substitute for thought that comes from dealing directly with affairs. The accomplished scholar has both, and with such aids and attainments he may venture upon criticism of books and affairs with confidence.

Nor can any afford to ignore or undervalue the public

sentiment regarding men or books, authors or ideas. Mankind may be inappreciative and unjust at times, but just in the main. A work of real merit finds favor at last. It may run the gauntlet of praise and blame, but will honor itself and author in due time. Doubtless a great writer is the better critic of his own productions. Only what is wholesome will find general acceptance and endure. If one submitted his writing to a jury of his contemporaries his work would hardly reach a wider publicity.

Time is the best critic, tolerates not an infirmity, holds us fast to the canons of truth and of good taste. Time is one's best friend, teaching best of all the wisdom of silence. Were all we think and speak, all we venture to write, at once photographed to our eyes, what voluminous dunces were we seen to be. To what coverts should we flee from the rays of Helios, the strict life-limner, always there above taking his profiles! More gratifying for Narcissus to look into the pool reflecting his egotism so charmingly.

LITERARY COURTESY.

Literary courtesy is due from contemporary authors to one another respecting their works. I readily excuse silence where one cannot praise, only blame another. But praise is always in fine keeping with friendship. That code which carefully abstains from speaking to an author about his book, from a mistaken delicacy,

appears to me wanting in real sympathy and refinement of courtesy, and, to the extent in which it is practised, vitiates the truest literary fellowship. Even where authors move in different walks of thought, the haughty bearing that disdains to recognize humble merit is unworthy of the liberal scholar and true gentleman. Very true, that not every scholar is competent to pronounce upon the merits of another in provinces of thought or styles of writing differing greatly from his own; yet this does not debar him from expressing his views diffidently or even critically in the matter. The more character in each, the more sincere and frank the criticism; nor should any excuse of want of time, or preconceived estimate of one's genius or manner, stand as a sufficient excuse for indifference or want of perusal. A new work added to literature is an event of significance, and is entitled to a perusal and a verdict. "It is a generous kind of civility to report always the best."

BALANCE MEN.

I profess no special partiality for the critic who, with balance in hand, weighs eagerly whatsoever of learning comes to his counter. I rather query whether he is not thinking less of his author's weight than of the polish of his scales, never questioning their accuracy or his own levity. Still it must be admitted these balance men are not without their usefulness, being convenient for appraising present market values.

AUTHORSHIP.

The habit of journalizing becomes a life-long lesson taken in the art of composition, an informal schooling for authorship. And were the process of preparing their works for publication faithfully detailed by distinguished writers, it would appear how large were their indebtedness to their diary and commonplaces. How carefully should we peruse Shakespeare's notes used in compiling his plays — what was his, what another's — showing how these were fashioned into the shapely whole we read, how Milton composed, — Montaigne, Goethe; by what happy strokes of thought, flashes of wit, apt figures, fit quotations snatched from vast fields of learning, their rich pages were wrought forth. This were to give the keys of great authorship.

The ready reader hardly comprehends how much he owes to his author's skill in compiling his notes, how much to omission, revision, and how imperfect he regards his work after his last touches. One's book is never completed. It still invites correction while the sheets go through the press, and fails to satisfy when he holds the volume in covers. The labor is so pleasurable, nevertheless, and the name of author falls so pleasantly upon the ear, that genius even may not blush at the sound. "T is a virtuous egotism that disseminates virtuous ideas. And its disseminators, though but clay, may be spoken of in the terms of the beautiful Persian apologue: If not the rose, they have been near the rose, and left its fragrance in their writings."

LETTERS.

The finer essences of life find choicest expression in letters. What like a loved correspondent for prompting to the freest and freshest utterances of sentiment? One imparts what would not have been written otherwise, nor thought even, much less spoken, — especially when women are addressed. The finer literature, indeed, is characterized by a certain suffusion of the feminine flavor, the finer, the more ideal, thought plumed with sentiment; even science loves to spring from its feet, philosophy affect the clouds to inspire and edify.

Which will you have, O beloved correspondent! pure facts, pure thoughts, or pure sentiments? — three essential elements in intercourse.

The Practical Man: Facts, pure facts, for me, neither more nor less.

The Poet: Thoughts, pure thoughts, ideas; others I have already.

Woman: Oh, sentiments, these surely. Sentiments forever!

Philosopher: Fusion of the three.

Child: I want only what I have already, and please be silent about all of them.

DIARIES.

I value the diary. Having kept one from my youth to the present time, I may commend the practice on many

accounts, and add, the earlier it is begun the better. One's life should be sufficiently interesting to furnish entertainment in the record. What transpires around and within, what one thinks and speaks, the books he reads, the company he keeps, his friendships, occupations, — these, interfused with his feelings, motives, the scenery in which he dwells, current events, form the staple for his writing. Surely to this array he cannot be indifferent if he have any stake in affairs.

At best, his transcript may prove a very unsatisfactory chronicle of himself and surroundings. Were he always the same in moments, his days and years would hardly deserve record or remembrance. What is in transition — his flowing life — invites his pen.

“ We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.”

Nor let him mistake the mere record of the facts as his main business : not the facts, but sentiments inwoven with these, the spirit which these embody and symbolize, chiefly. The facts are the form, the substance is spirit, the essence of the truthful record. There is a subtile mythology woven into the threads of our personality. Nor should any insight, the faintest, into one's experience be thought insignificant ; trifles even, seemingly worthless at the time, rise into importance when viewed afterwards in their relation to the whole of existence. Perspective is necessary to see the whole as it is.

The substance of a worthy life, fully and faithfully portrayed, becomes a part of that of the race, and a good man's correspondence adds a priceless contribution to literature. The best of a true life is its private part; all men take an interest in it. Nor unless one's doings are useful and beautiful does he belong either to human society properly, or art, or letters, which celebrate the beauty and truth in all.

“Some drop of time's strange glass life holds,
So much endurance it enfolds,
Or base, or small, or broadly meant,
One may not spill God's element.”

With whom should one become better acquainted than with his most familiar companion, himself? Who so interesting?

Marcus Aurelius, whose life has even become a model to later times, placed this motto before his memoirs:—

“Of the things concerning myself.”

Time ripens the substance of a life as the seasons mellow and perfect its fruits. The best apples fall latest and keep the longest. And the fruits of a lifetime, harvested and housed in a book, were a sheaf worth binding and preserving for all time.

Imperfect and unsatisfactory as his record may be, he shall find it the most stimulating of readings whenever he chance to open its leaves. And as the years pass by he will feel the more grateful to the examples

of any who may have suggested the keeping of a chronicle of his privatist thoughts and humblest deeds.

“In everything there grows a natural charm,
A balsamine to keep it fresh and warm.”

BIOGRAPHY.

No spot has a permanent interest for any till it become the scene of some deed worthy of mankind. Man, the skies, the landscape, are alike parts of greatness, the artist giving lustre to the union and perpetuating it. One and the chief value of biography lies in its rendering the earth and mankind thereafter illustrious.

The history of books shows the humblest origin of some of the most valued, wrought as these were out of obscure materials by persons whose names thereafter became illustrious. The thumbed volumes, now so precious to thousands, were compiled from personal experiences and owe their interest to touches of inspiration of which the writer was less author than amanuensis, himself the voiced word of life for all times.

“Biography,” says Carlyle, “is almost the one thing needful, and man is perennially interesting to man; nay, if we look strictly to it, there is nothing else interesting.” How attractive to all ages the few such, the choice pieces of a life-time, too few in any literature, rare in ours, the autobiographies of lasting repute. “Could you have the life of any man really portrayed

to you, sundrawn as it were, its hopes, its fears, its revolutions of opinions; in each day its most anxious wishes attained, and then, perhaps, crystallizing into its blackest regrets, — such a work would go far to contain all histories, and be the grandest lesson of love, humanity, and tolerance that man had ever seen.”

Moreover, one must have lived greatly whose record would bear the full light of day from beginning to its close: only the chance strokes tell. But a diary comes nearest to a clearing of the breast, and were not worthless though it but poorly disclosed the life of the humblest of the race, since it would contain the story of a human heart.

IDEALISM.

Life and literature need the inspiration which idealism quickens and promotes, the history of thought showing that a people given over to sensationalism and the lower forms of materialism have run to ruin. Only that which inspires life and nobility of thought can maintain and preserve itself from speedy and ignoble decay. And we have too palpable evidence of corruption, public and private, to leave us in doubt as to the tendency of not a little of the speculation and teachings current in our time.

“Prevailing studies,” says Bishop Berkeley, “are of no small consequence to a state, the religion, manners, and civil government of a country ever taking some bias from its philosophy which affects not only the minds of its professors and students, but also the opinions of

all the better sort and the practice of the whole people, remotely and consequentially indeed, though not inconsiderably. Have not the polemic and scholastic philosophy been observed to produce controversies in law and religion? And have not fatalism and Sadduceeism gained ground during the general passion for the corpuscular and mechanical philosophy which has prevailed for about a century? This indeed might usefully enough have employed some share of the leisure and curiosity of inquisitive persons. But when it entered the seminaries of learning as a necessary accomplishment and most important part of education, by engrossing men's thoughts and fixing their minds so much on corporeal objects and the laws of motion, it has, however undesignedly, indirectly and by accident yet not a little indisposed them for spiritual, moral, and intellectual matters. Certainly had the philosophy of Plato and Socrates and Pythagoras prevailed in this age, among those who think themselves too wise to receive the dictates of the gospel, we should not have seen interest take so general and fast hold on the minds of men, nor public spirit reputed to be a generous folly among those who are reckoned to be the most knowing as well as the most getting part of mankind."

THE IDEALISTS.

The idealists have given deeper insights into life and nature than other schools of thought. If inclined to visionariness and seeming to stand sometimes on the

verge of lunacy even, they have revealed depths of being, a devotion to the spirit of universality, that render their works most edifying. They more than any have held the balance betwixt mind and matter, and illuminated literature while they furthered the science, art and religion of all times. An age deficient in idealism has ever been one of immorality and superficial attainment, since without the sense of ideas, nobility of character becomes of rare attainment, if possible.

IDEAL METHODS.

A discipline in the methods of the great idealists were an education in itself, yet this is sparingly given in our universities. If Plato and Aristotle are studied, it is less for mastering their dialectic than their rhetoric, the tongue they spoke and wrote. We drift doubtfully rather in the regions of probabilities, confine our researches mostly to the visible and material, venturing but timidly into the invisible and ideal. Physics are studied with an eager enthusiasm, while metaphysics we deem unprofitable, blind the while to the fact that only as mind masters matter, neither science, nor art, nor life itself become available to the humblest uses, all pure power being ideal and one with the creative mind. Who knows the mind has the key to all things else. "The essence of nothing is reached into by the senses looking outward, but by the mind looking inward into itself."

The naturalist cannot urge too strongly the claims of physics, nor the plea for metaphysics be less vigorously urged by the idealist. Both have their legitimate place and importance in a comprehensive and complete discipline, but neither as yet takes rank according to its respective claims, and thought lingers far behind the demands of the mind and our time.

Liberal learning can hardly be in flourishing condition while natural knowledge is promoted above moral and metaphysical, memory supplanting imagination, and the study of the mother tongue ranking secondary to that of the ancient classical languages.

It seems superfluous to add that the first and necessary qualification of a scholar is that he speak and write his mother tongue with accuracy and elegance; then if time and taste favor, as many of the learned tongues as he may. But first and especially the full command of his own. Landor said that "to talk well we must drop our Greek and Latin out of sight," and Coleridge thought it "a kind of Providence that our Bible was translated about the time of the greatest strength of the language."

CLASSICS.

I know it is still an open question, discussed with more or less of heat and discrimination, the relative values of the ancient and modern learning as means of literary culture, the admission being general that in whatsoever gives subtlety and splendor, the Greek

intellect surpasses the modern; and there is nothing surprising in the enthusiasm of scholars concerning this wonderful people. The great names of Solon, Pericles, Plato, Aristotle, Pindar, Demosthenes, Æschylus, Phidias, suggest whatsoever is superior in human culture and accomplishment. I, though no Grecian, almost wish at times that it had fallen for me to have been favored with an advent into that age of philosophic thought and elegant scholarship. In physical science, political liberty, social comforts, popular education, it is readily conceded that great advance has been made upon the Athenian culture, and yet the Greek classics still take rank before all others in our universities. How many social reforms, esteemed modern, has Plato anticipated in his "Ideal Republic," while as regards the principles and methods of thought, of human culture, the great educators of Greece, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, surpassed any the world has known. Even in the science of nature, modern thought has scarcely outstripped the mind of Aristotle, to whom the eminent naturalists of our time look with reverence for the breadth and sagacity of his genius,* as the idealists to

* "In some ways the study of natural history," says Agassiz, "has lost rather than gained in modern civilization. You would be surprised to learn how well informed the Greeks were, for instance, about the structure of animals. All college students know that the ancients delighted in critical analysis of intellectual problems as well as in dramatic and poetical composition, and in all beauty of sculpture and architecture. But I think their familiarity with nature is not so well known as their culture in letters and art. Aristotle knew more of certain kinds of animals and of their general relations than is known now. For instance, he never confounded sharks and skates with

Plato for the subtlety and scope of his: Conceive what either would have done with their omniscient intelligence brought to bear directly upon the added attainments made since their day in the lines of observation and of ideas.

ACADEMIC GROVES.

Cities with all their advantages have something hostile to liberal learning, the seductions are so subtle and accost the senses so openly on all sides. A suburban neighborhood at least, if not a rural, were most friendly and inviting. Nor can I conceive an academic culture fairly conducted without the stimulus which sylvan surroundings afford the student; not without its moral had the ancient schools their academic groves and walks, their gardens and rural influences. A professorship were those for genius and the Graces. The woods have a strange charm singularly sane and wholesome; a walk in forest paths at all seasons lends a

ordinary fishes, while modern naturalists would put them in one and the same class. Strange to say, I have studied the Selaciens on the South American coast by the light of Aristotle's researches upon them in the Mediterranean Sea, made by him more than two thousand years ago. I can fairly add that the knowledge of Aristotle on those topics is so far ahead of the current information recorded in modern works of natural history that his statements can only be understood by one who has made a special study of those animals. The community evidently shared his knowledge, for he refers to text-books of natural history, which must, from the details he gives about them, have been superior to those we have now. You may seek in vain in the anatomical atlases of Wagner or Carus for information about the structure of the reproductive apparatus of Selaciens, to which he alludes as contained in the text-books of anatomists and belonging to the current knowledge of the time." — *Prof. Agassiz's Harvard Lecture, 1873.*

certain enchantment to the fancy and stimulates to thought. Alone, or in company with another, one is enriched with luxuriant images, his philosophy becomes harmonized with life, and he is resolved, for the moment, into his primitive freshness and innocency.

“Truth has her pleasure grounds, her haunts of ease
And easy contemplation, gay parterres
And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades,
And shady groves for recreation formed.”

“Truth, whatever the poets may tell us, never comes without her veil, diaphanous or opaque,” and only those who have been privileged with her company in private have beheld her serene countenance, hidden from the stranger who would rudely tear it aside from her brow. Only to the wise and good are her charms fully revealed, — the lovers of liberal learning and the aspirants for excellence. “If those who differ on speculative points would walk together now and then in the country they might find many objects that must unite them. The same bodily feeling is productive in some degree of the same mental one. Enjoyment from sun and air, from exercise and odors, brings hearts together that schools and council-chambers and popular assemblies have stood between for years.”

IDEAL CULTURE.

One allows himself but the narrowest range of observation and thought in our stirring time, if he fail of

participating in the free spirit of inquiry pervading all classes of the community. And a most hopeful indication is seen in the growing class of young persons who seek a wider and freer culture than even the most liberal universities favor. Instead of deriving information from inheritance alone or authority, they are ambitious of entering upon the study of the human spirit, its origin, duties, and destinies, thus founding their faith upon the immutable laws of psychology, studying in the spirit of the heaven-descended precept, "Know thyself."

The school of thought which a quarter of a century since stirred New England, and has produced a literature indigenous and American, and upon which a succeeding generation has been nurtured, now awaits an institution in which our brilliant youth may study the latest thought along with that of all time, and establish for the new what a profound and varied scholarship has effected for the old countries.

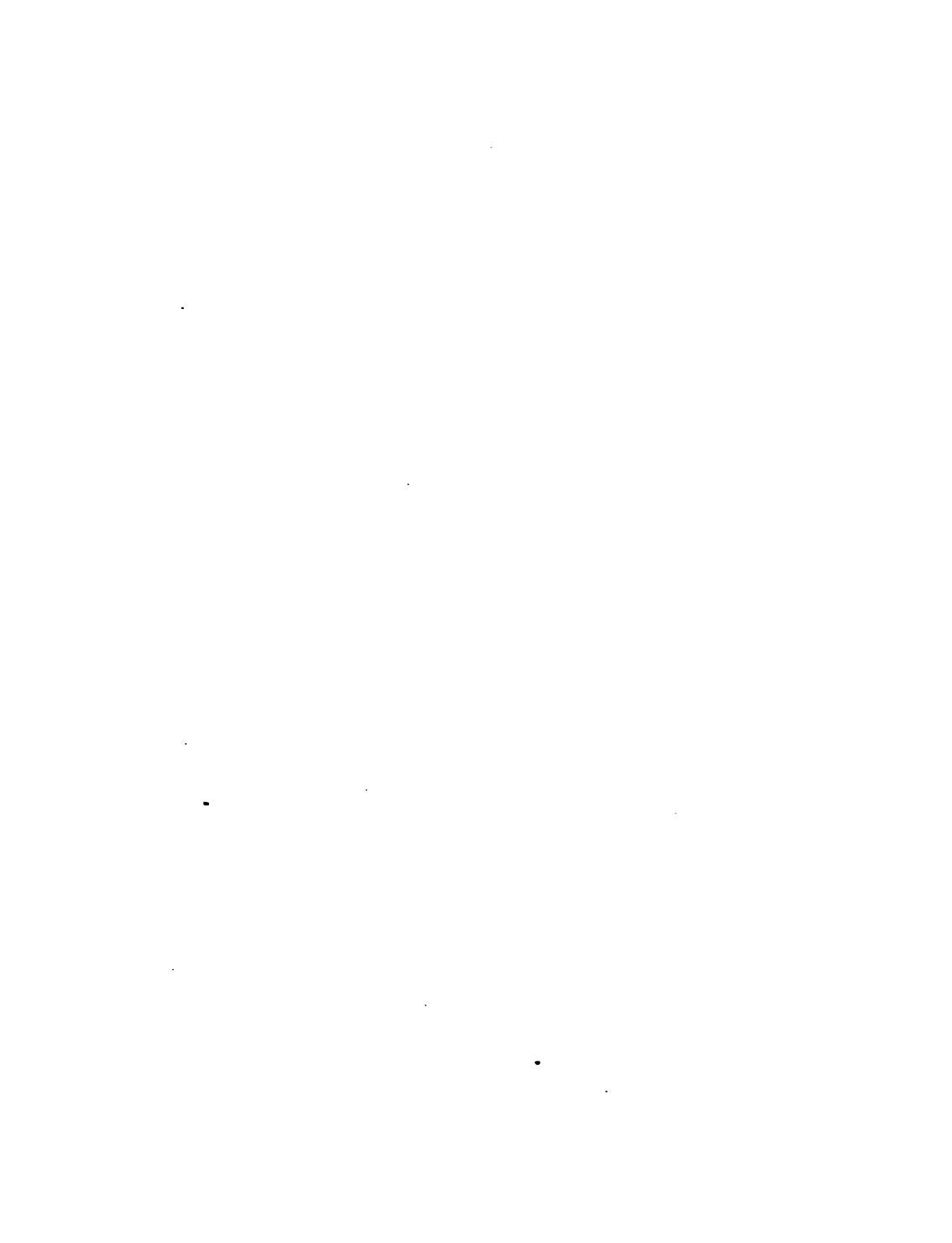
NEW ACADEMY.

Like its suburban neighbor beside the Charles, our village seated along the banks of its Indian stream spreads a rural cradle for the fresher literature; and aside from these advantages it well deserves its name for its quiet scenery and plain population. Moreover, few spots in New England have won a like literary repute. The rural muse has traversed these fields, meadows, woodlands, the brook-sides, the river; caught

the harmony of its changing skies, and portrayed their spirit in books which are fit to live while letters delight and Nature charms her lovers. Had Homer, had Virgil fairer promptings than our landscape affords? Had Shakespeare or Goethe a more luxuriant simplicity than ours? Only the wit to say or sing these the poet needs; and of this our neighborhood has not less than many sounding cities.

CONCORD.

Plain as our landscape is, it has special attractions for the scholar who courts quiet surroundings, scenery not too exciting, yet stimulating to genial and uninterrupted studies. If the hills command no very broad horizon, the prospect is sufficiently sylvan to give an agreeable variety without confusing the mind, while the river in good part compensates for the sameness as it winds sluggishly along the confines of the village, flowing by the monument into the distance through the meadows. Thoreau, writing of it, jocosely says, "It is remarkable for the gentleness of its current, which is hardly perceptible, and some have ascribed to its influence the proverbial moderation of the inhabitants of Concord, as celebrated in the Revolution and on other occasions. It has been proposed that the town should adopt for its coat of arms a *field verdant*, with the Concord River circling nine times round it."



II.

ENTERPRISE.

“Whoever would accomplish great things must divest objects of their materiality, adding spirit to matter; otherwise he will perform nothing great.”

— *Maxwell.*

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EXPERIENCE.

OBSERVATION more than books, experience rather than persons, are the prime educators. Books aid as one has the wit to use them to advantage, persons most when seeming not to serve us. Experience converts us to ourselves when books fail us, and this oftenest against our knowledge and consent. And it remains questionable how far our attainments further or hinder Nature's intentions, the art of education being still so complicated and incalculable a matter that, with the experience of past times to aid us, not a few of the most striking characters have been formed, untrammelled by the schools, under the more direct and potent influences of life and things, operating under the pressure of necessity and seeming accident.

TRAVELLING.

Ourselves are cosmic and capacious beyond conjecture, and to experience some notion of the planetary perspective is the richest income from travelling. It takes all to inform and educate all. Sallies forth from our cramped firesides into other homes, other hearts,

are wonderfully wholesome and enlarging. Travel opens prospects on all sides, widens our horizon, liberates the mind from geographical and conventional limitations, from local prejudices and national, showing the globe in its differing climates, zones, and latitudes of intelligence. The travelled mind is the catholic mind educated from exclusiveness and egotism. "Amongst the many advantages," says Howell, "which conduce to enrich the mind with variety of knowledge, to rectify and ascertain the judgment, and to compose outward manners and build one up in the highest story of perfection, foreign travel is none of the least. The traveller must have a diary about him when he is in motion on his journeys, to set down what either his ears hear or eyes meet with most remarkable in the daytime, out of which he may raise matter of discourse at night. And let him take it for a rule that he offends less who writes toys than he who omits one serious thing; for the pen makes the deepest furrows and doth fertilize and enrich memory more than anything else." A quick wit and observing eye are his best gifts, with the skill for setting in apt phrase what interests him on his way. Travelling is no fool's errand to him who carries his eyes and itinerary along with him.

EPHEMERA.

Nor in stirring times like ours, when the world's affairs come posted with each successive sun rising and

setting, can one ignore the magazines, libraries, and ephemera of the press. Newspapers intrude into every office, every house, almost superseding the primers and text-books of the schools, proffering alike to hand and eye intelligence formerly won only by laborious studies and much expense of time and money. Cheap literature is now in vogue; the age, if not profound, has chances for attaining some superficial knowledge, at least, of the globe's doings and designings, the experiments of the few being hereby popularized for the benefit of the many everywhere, the humblest even partaking largely of the common benefit.

CHARIOTS.

'Tis best to keep sensitive throughout, touching whatever transpires within every Mediterranean and archipelago of endeavor, since thought, like light, transmits the latest news from zenith to nadir of intelligence, both hemispheres throbbing simultaneously with common impulses and ideas. Nothing is insular. Thought is salient, overbridging matter with spirit. Mind is the charioteer of the lightnings.

The mind is fast emancipating itself from the dominion of man and of matter. It has let loose fearful forces on the world. Nor can ignorance nor servitude long withstand these mighty potentates, steam and electricity. The press, the pen, are subordinated to thought, and sects, parties, peoples set adrift in the

world-stream of ideas. Steam and electricity are become the missionaries and civilizers, advancing all men, the races, into near kindred and neighborhood. Show man to man is the modern gospel.

Life and literature are become current commodities, even Bibles are exchanged in good faith, the religions of the cultivated nations embracing one another in kindly greetings. Christendom, with its traditions, powerful instrumentalities, prestige of centuries, is moved with the rest by outside pressures; the international sympathies, tendencies, and impulses, all driving forward the new civilization with a speed and momentum unprecedented.

“T is the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitudes.”

“I doubt not,” says Glanvill (writing in 1661), “posterity will find many things that are now but rumors verified into practical realities. It may be that, some ages hence, a voyage to the Southern tracts, yea, possibly to the moon, will not be more strange than one to America. To them that come after us, it may be as ordinary to buy a pair of wings to fly with to remotest regions, as now a pair of boots to ride a journey; and to confer at the distance of the Indies by sympathetic conveyances may be as usual to future times as by literary correspondence. The restoration of gray hairs to juvenility, and renewing the exhausted marrow, may at length be effected without a miracle; and the turning of the now comparatively desert world into a

Paradise may not improbably be effected from late agriculture."

The "sympathetic conveyances" are probably of another sort from what the author imagined, and the flying apparatus yet awaits construction. As to the "rejuvenating," I know not if we are nearer its discovery than his friend Kenelm Digby, desirable as it were to the ancients of our time. But the "Paradise Plantation" seems in a fairer way for its accomplishment, furthered as it is by our modern instrumentalities of transportation from continent to continent, the opening of the gates of India to the cosmopolitan missionaries, trade and intercourse; the traffic in things advertising ideas; life and literature interchanging their commodities at the Golden Gate, as the poet Dyer wrote in 1758:—

"A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup which luxury or careless wealth
(Pernicious gift!) bestows; a day will come
When, through her channels sailing, we shall clothe
The Californian coast, and all the realms
That stretch from Anam's Straits to proud Japan."

Already the lightning has become thought's courier and competitor, flashing its tidings at the world's opposites in a twinkling, making of all mankind neighbors and contemporaries in time and space, as if anticipating the yet unannounced discovery—complementing Galileo's—of the planet's spinning round its axle obedient to the consenting wills of its inhabitants.

Hold fast, therefore, O circular philosopher, to thy centre, and drive the globe along its orbit by the momentum of thy thought, all mind conspiring with thine, all purposes one, and the will of thy will, of all consenting wills, the Will of wills, thus maintaining it in space and timing its course.

Round the wide globe Thought fearless runs,
Her circuit suited to superior suns.

It is easy to see that any extravagance of idealism may become matter of fact in the future; that whatever the imagination of man may conceive, the reason delegated to the hand of man may practically realize. All that ideas have in store the mind hastens to individualize to the senses, and civilization keep abreast of thought the world over.

HIPPOGRIFFS.

'Tis the age of Tubal Cain and the grants. Science has grown frightfully audacious in these days, — swift-footed, ponderous, careering over her iron ways with unslacking pace. This rampant dragon, on which I am mounted, see how he bends his once stiff neck to his rider, champing his checked bit and pawing the dust, impatient to leap around the globe. Genius is prescient, foresees its own might. Man is striving through these iron-ribbed, steam-spiced hippogriffs, to recover his lost ubiquity and omnipotence, and threatens

soon to grasp in his ample palm, and fix with flaming eye-ball, the elemental forces!

“Fire,” said Plato, “by the fineness of its particles, passes through all things, and air through the rest of things, fire excepted, and water through earth; all things are therefore full, and have no vacuum.”

If the ancients left us ideas, to our credit be it spoken that we moderns are building houses for them,—structures which neither Plato nor Archimedes had dreamed possible.

“More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of.”

“For him the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure.
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.”

IDEAS.

Ideas first and last: yet it is not till these are formulated and utilized that the devotees of the common sense discern their value and advantages. The idealist is the capitalist on whose resources multitudes are maintained life long. Ideas in the head set hands about their several tasks, thus carrying forward all human endeavors to their issues. Thought feeds, clothes, educates the population of the globe,—all economies, natural, social, intellectual, spiritual, taking their rise in this

stream of power and performance. What were States without these royal rulers, heads of cabinets? It will be a stride in legislation when these subordinate and make all else implemental to ideas,—the sources and seats of power and intelligence.*

GENIUS.

Genius is the world's capitalist,—say worldlings what they may,—paying the golden gains with compound interest into the world's exchequer, lest it fail from insolvency. Could Rothschild purchase Fulton's genius, or Vanderbilt pile his ingots were the visionary's ideas not running his engines? The globe's riches could not buy what his talents have created or could command were these exhaustless. Yet Genius has oftenest been the pariah of his time, the unhoused god whom none cared for, unnamed till they whom he first promoted, enriched and honored, found it honorable to own their benefactor.

“By more than wealth we propagate our names
That trust not to succession, but our fames.”

*“In Plato's style the term “idea” does not signify merely an inert, inactive object of the understanding, but is used synonymously with cause and principle. According to that philosopher, goodness, beauty, virtue, and such like are not figments of the mind, nor mere mixed modes, nor yet abstract ideas in the modern sense, but the most real beings, intellectual and unchangeable, and therefore more real than the fleeting, transient objects of sense, which, wanting stability, cannot be subjects of science, much less of intellectual knowledge.”—*Bishop Berkeley.*

BUSINESS.

When the poets are too fine for public affairs, the philosophers too ideal, the common people too indifferent, then the world's business falls to merchants and bankers, they holding the keys of power for the time. Yet reason and right must balance the accounts punctually on time, or themselves bankrupt the community at last, all going to wreck together.

“Never for his wealth
 Would I appoint a ruler o'er the State,
 Or chief in arms : wisdom should mark the man
 Who in his country bears the sovereign sway ;
 Every man sage in counsel is a leader.”

A polity founded upon the appetites cannot last long. The passions refuse to be organized on a basis of their own ; hostile to personal freedom and one another, they rush precipitately into anarchy and mob rule. A government for protecting the coarser interests of the body, business and bread only, is but a carcass, and soon falls by its own corruption to decay.

SOCRATES' PRAYER.

One would hardly venture an improvement of the prayer of Socrates, where, in one of his fine sallies of irony which he delighted to play off upon the superstitious Athenians, he recites in his conversation with Phædrus, —

“O beloved Pan and all ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I possess, I may be at peace with those within. May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such a portion of gold as none but a wise man can either share or employ. Do we need anything else, Phædrus? For myself I have prayed enough.

“*Phædrus*. Make the same prayer for me too, for the possessions of friends are common.

“*Socrates*. Let us depart.”

“Our Father who art in heaven” breathes a warmer tone, but draws scarcely a deeper draught from the wells of being than this of the great Athenian moralist. Given the love and the wisdom, life’s code of action follows.

WORLD-CULTURE.

One day every man shall have a stake and share in the world’s rule and in person by reason of the vast responsibilities a world-culture is fast laying on his shoulders, and the feat of Atlas belong no more to the ancient. As education becomes inclusive, introspective, cosmic, promoting whole populations to power and privilege, it enthrones a vast, invisible, personal rule over the common mind. And this idea of personal supremacy, born of every one’s faith in community, is the pledge of its consummation. Vast problems, meanwhile, await man’s solution,—the planting and peopling of the globe’s surface, the subjugation—a

still more difficult labor—of the body to the mind, planting the intellect with fair colonies of ideas, peopling the heart with sentiments of community, habituating the will to the service of the laws of human destiny.

SCALE OF CULTURE.

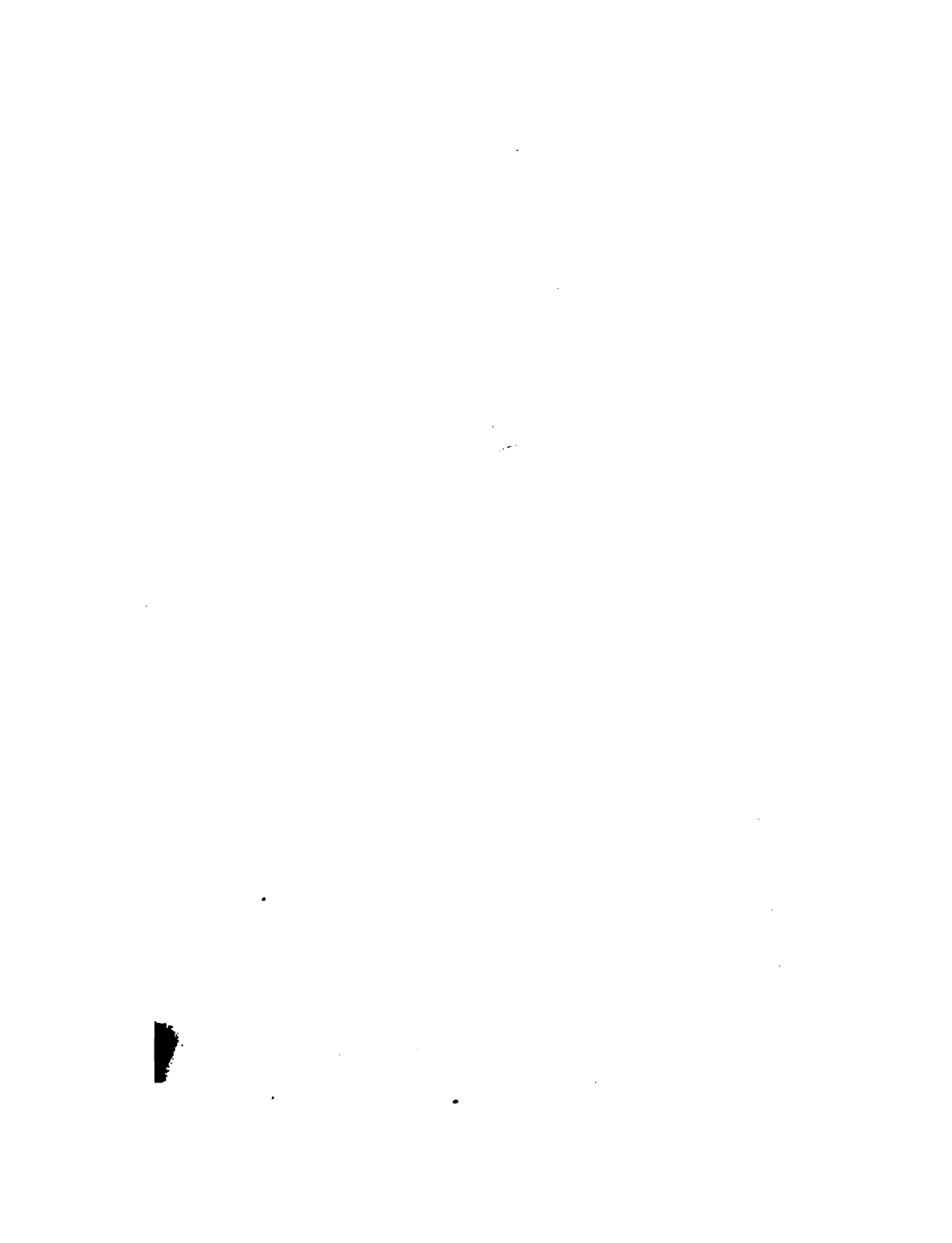
Civilization meliorates the brute.

Culture refines the man.

Education molds the mind.

Religion divinizes the person.



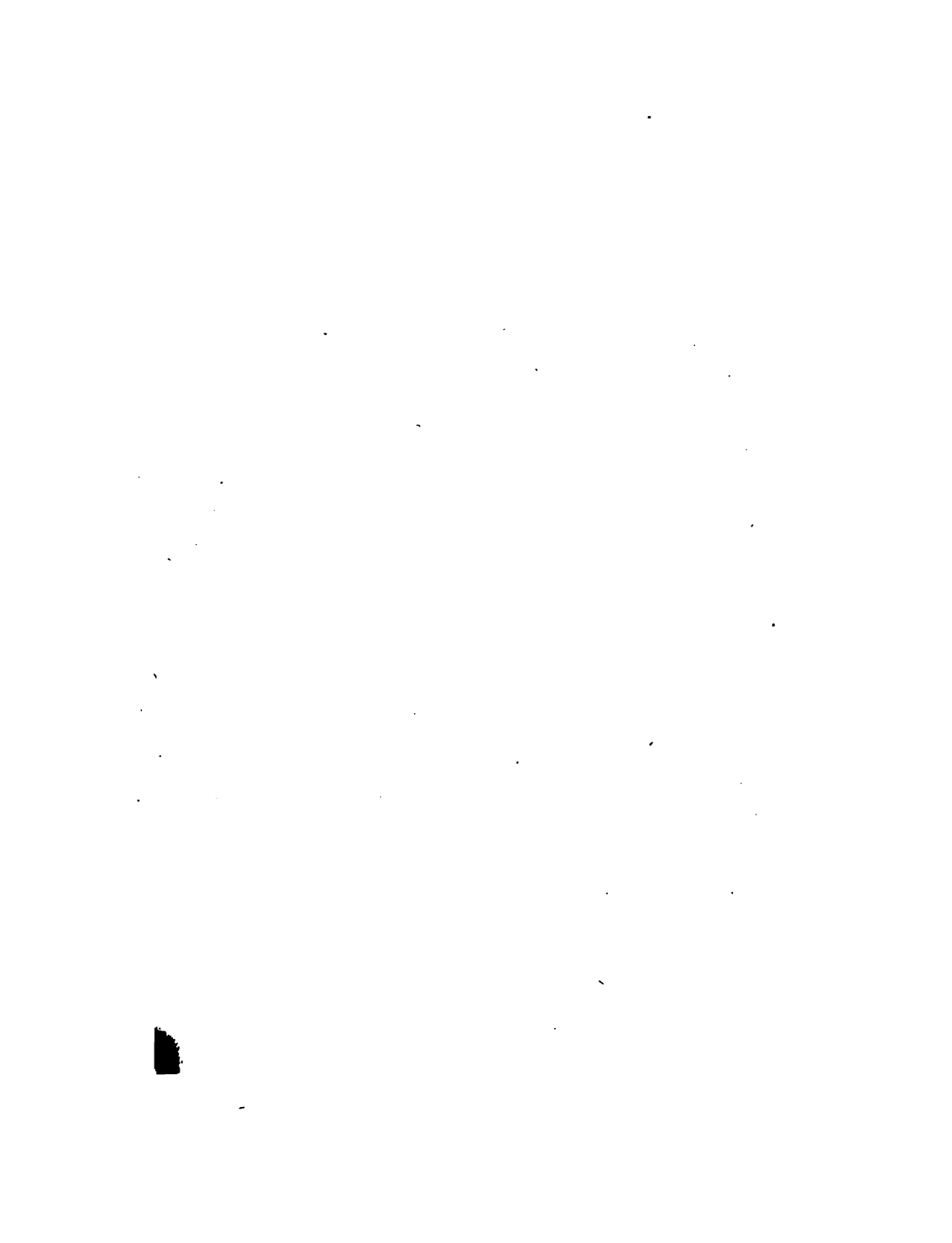


III.

PURSUITS.

“To find one’s self-business I am persuaded is the great art of life. Some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself.”

— *Gray.*





ONE'S STAR.

FOLLOW the star of promise first seen in your early morning, nor desist though you find the labor toilsome and your guides mislead. In the ardor of his enthusiasm a youth set forth in quest of a man of whom he might take counsel as to his future, but after long search and many disappointments, he came near relinquishing the pursuit as hopeless, when suddenly it occurred to him that one must first be a man to find a man, and profiting by this suggestion he set himself to the work of becoming himself the man he had been seeking so long and fruitlessly. When last heard from he was still on the stretch, near the end of his journey, the goal in his eye, his star blazing more brightly than when he first beheld it.

“The eldest god is still a child.”

CHARACTER.

Act out your genius, nothing else avails. The Creator did the best possible under the circumstances to make a right beginning of you. First ascertain his

intent, and proceed forthwith to enact this to the best of your ability. If a crooked stick, consider yourself gifted in that particular. Be what you were meant to be. You may go through the world an oddity, to your own merriment at least, if not that of your contemporaries. Character is a fact, and that is much in a world of pretence and concession. Character, not accomplishments, but character personally controlling these, does the work. 'T is not the hammer that drives the nail, but the hand that smites it. Character is might and momentum. It is easier to carry the world in one's thought than on the shoulders. All is in the will, and precipitated in conduct. Manners carry the world for the moment, character for all times. All faculties conspire in character, giving themselves unreservedly to the work.

MISFORTUNE.

The disparity between our powers and our performance is life's tragedy. A free scope for one's activities, and a clean deliverance, freedom won from struggle; not inaction but chosen activities, the satisfaction that springs from tasks performed and duties faithfully fulfilled,—this is the reward and the content. An ideal realized in the moment, yet spurring still onward and upward, the sense of power to accomplish what we design, the experience of so much of the perfect as lies within our power to attain, yield the fruits of a satis-

faction which nothing distinct from one's purpose can confer. He who is free in his spirit frees all his faculties and fortifies himself from the fate of circumstance, the assaults of calamity. Success is sweet, the sweeter if long delayed and attained through manifold struggles and defeats, better oftentimes than the early popularity wont to fade into obscurity and forgetfulness. The best things are all too cheaply purchased by a lifetime's toil; treasures that none can beg or steal from their possessor.

Our bravest lessons are not learned through success but misadventure, the best soldiers being drilled by Necessity, serving their time under the discipline of Fate; only one must be equal to Destiny and measure his strength with hers in open encounter. The faithful are sure to win in the end. They come forth the stronger through disaster not less than success. Failure of the man is the only discomfiture. Temporary defeats may become means of successive conquests over himself. The fool of ideas is ever on the high road to wisdom, he lodges for the night only at the inns by the roadside, quite willing to be cheated of his fare, too wise to travel that route again.

“Truth and the feeling of integrity
Are of the heart's own essence, should they call
For suffering none repent the sacrifice.”


AIMS.

“The entrance of men into the present life,” said an ancient wise man, “resembles the procession of a crowd to see some great spectacle. For there men of every description assemble with different views,—one hastening to sell his wares for the sake of money and gain, but another that he may acquire renown by exhibiting the strength of his body; and there is a third class of men, and those the most liberal, who assemble the beautiful works of art, the specimens of valor, and the literary productions which are usually exhibited on such occasions. Thus also in the present life, men of all various pursuits are collected together in one and the same place; for some are influenced by the desire of riches and luxury, others by the love of power and dominion, and others are possessed with an insane ambition for glory. But the most pure and unadulterated character is that of the man who gives himself to the contemplation of the most beautiful things, and whom it is proper to call a philosopher.”

“Be, rather than be thought, the best.”

CALLINGS.

“’Tis very manifest,” says Plutarch, “there is a wide difference in things, and that we ought to obey the inscription of the Pythian oracle, that every man should know himself, that he should not constrain his genius



but leave it to its own propensions, and so, by applying himself to that to which he is most adapted, he may follow and gratify his own inclinations. Thou hast a province of thy own : adorn this, and mind nothing else. 'Tis by a false estimate of happiness that men disturb and perplex themselves. Every man has a storehouse of trouble and of contentment in his own bosom. The vessels which contain good and evil are not placed at Jupiter's threshold, but in the recesses of the mind, as the variety of our passions gives abundant demonstration."

Every one has his special gift and calling predetermined by descent and temperament, subject of course to slight modification by choice or training ; and intimating for what he is specially fitted. Only mediocrity can follow his attempt to attain success in other lines of effort ; if estimating wisely his cast of gifts he may perceive that mediocrity is his destiny, and so spare himself the mortification of failure in attempting what he is not fitted by birth and temperament to achieve. Necessity may balk the following his destined employment, and life be wasted in the effort to live. Education may work wonders as well in warping the genius of individuals as in seconding it, and civilization degrade the many to exalt the few. But the sense of degradation is strong in noble natures, and asserts itself with an emphasis unmistakable. It behooves communities to furnish suitable employment for all its members, or else recreation and amusement. Man must

have some recognized stake in society and affairs to knit him lovingly to his kind, or he is wont to revenge himself for wrongs real or imagined. "T is a sure omen of the revolutionary spirit when the people have been driven by hereditary injustice, or neglect, to study the fundamental principles of society, and to bring the artificial institutions of antiquity to the rigorous ordeal of common sense, and unsophisticated and injured hearts."

GIFTS.

Play boldly your game with few or many counters, according to your company and skill. Some have one, some two, others three or more; to one here and there are given the whole seven, with the ability to play with them as becomes the gifted and great. But you may not expect to match beyond the number challenged. The mind is a casket containing the seven counters, corresponding to your talents, and you play a round game only with him who has as many at command as yourself. The multitude play with three, for the most part no more than four, knowing not nor suspecting the full complement hidden in the casket slides, and theirs for the finding.

"God's greatest gift is common sense."

One law of toils for all, poet and placeman alike, yet the condition bears hardest oftentimes upon the poet,

"Whose pursuits and labors lie
Apart from all that lead to wealth, or even
A necessary maintenance ensure,
Without some hazard to the finer sense."

NOBILITY.

Engage in nothing that cripples or degrades you. Your person is sacred; you may not willingly profane yourself. Either subordinate your calling to your culture or quit it at once. Your real influence is measured by your treatment of yourself. First find the man in yourself if you will inspire manliness in others. Like begets like the world over.

“Rank exists in the moral world also; common natures
Pay with what they do, noble with what they are.”

MISDIRECTION.

A chosen pursuit is the saviour of its devotee; and happy are they who, by grace of temperament as by choice, find and follow their true callings life-long. The miseries of one's lot come for the most part from misdirection or pressing necessities, which preclude one's determining outright for himself. Why individual gifts if these are not destined to special uses and ends? Occupations adapted to such are the birthright of every new-comer into our planet.

BEGGING.

To beg conditions is like begging bread. Shall one sell his principles for the sustenance of his body? If he cannot get his bread by labor or by love, shall he break

the ten commandments for a morsel? Yet the unfortunate victim of social institutions shall sometimes be put to this trial, and is it strange if he be found wanting in the straits of hunger and dependence? A more equitable adjustment of faculties to offices, a just division of profits from the labors of head and hands, must effect a happy revolution in the community. It appears the pure instincts justify none in eating bread not honestly earned, the Scripture text being good socialism for all times.

Let eagerly all men repeat
Tent-maker Paul's labor receipt : —
'Who will not work shall not eat.'"

'Labor 's the mighty mint,
Coins without stop or stint,
For high and low degree,
Love, Light, and Liberty.

LABOR.

Labor is wholesome, nor is it the sternest of decrees that sends man to do his work in the sweat of his face. Labor humanizes, exalts. We then breathe life from the fountain-head and sweeten its streams. Sloth is the tempter that beguiles, and expels from paradise.

"Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps the pen,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And Nature in her cultivated trim,
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad, —
Can he want occupation who has these?"

AGRICULTURE.

The fables tell us of Saturn parcelling out the globe for culture, setting trees and grafting them, planting vines, Celeus nursing Ceres, the goddess of gardens and orchards, and sending her travelling over the world instructing mankind in the art of husbandry, thus making agriculture the oldest of the arts.

Some familiarity with the soil seems friendly to self-respect and good citizenship. And to the credit of humanity, most persons desire to become owner or occupant of some small spot at least, if unable to command acres. A house without a well-kept garden and surroundings almost accuses its occupant of disloyalty to himself and the community. The occupant seems unfurnished if unskilled in some handicraft by which to vary his pursuits. One's mind acquires suppleness and vigor, freshness and speed, by engaging at intervals in some out-door recreation. The walk, the ride, games of any kind, hardly supply the skill and dispatch which strenuous labor at intervals is sure to promote. One comes from his toil with faculties whetted for work indoors. His labors yield a satisfaction which a hireling's cannot; his work is done under his eye and hand, and needs no after touches. There is a skill caught from an early use of rake and spade which nothing else can supply. An elegant service, moreover, one's garden enables him to render his neighbor,—the gift of fruits plucked from the vines by his own hands of a

dewy morning and taken to his door. He is the sweeter and wholesomer through the day, keeping the commandments with a keener relish. Happily for him, too, if he be in the enjoyment of the products of ancestral orchards and vineyards, from which generations of his kindred have plucked the spangled fruits, the ruddy clusters, — baskets for family use, for winter time, for gifts to friends, for festivals, for times of merry-making and of sorrow, fruits being always seasonable, always welcome.

“Wisely,” says Plutarch, “did the ancients impose those names upon the Graces to show that the joy of him who does a kindness exceeds that of the beneficiary, many,” he adds, “blushing when they receive favors, but few when they bestow them.”

By combining landscape gardening with productive husbandry the landscape is rendered picturesque and attractive, intimating the taste, opulence, and refinement of the occupants, as one notes with pleasure in suburban neighborhoods. Nature hastens to adopt and harmonize any piece of art by superadding ornaments to hide the least incongruity in the design, as if she would have partnership with mind and supply deficiencies, suppress redundancies.

LEISURE.

“Leisure to those who know how rightly to employ it is the most beautiful of possessions.” Yet without

this knowledge it becomes burdensome and a fate. One must espouse some pursuit, taking it kindly at heart and with enthusiasm. Fruit he must bear, or perish of lassitude and *ennui*.

“When man has cast off his ambitious greatness,
And sunk into the sweetness of himself,
Built his foundation upon honest thoughts,
Not great, but good desires, his daily servants,
How quietly he sleeps, how joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his possessions,
And from his willing labors rests with pleasure.”

INDIVIDUALISM.

Wherever comes man come tragedy and comedy also, fools of ideas and fools of facts, of the latter the greater number. Individualism is the youth of the mind, the fanaticism of liberty. One must survive his extremes of opinion to find the golden mean and attain the world wisdom. Once emancipated from himself, and no longer the young man he once was, wrangling in all companies about the sovereign rights of individuals, he finds himself the individual with whom he had been at variance all the while.

THE STATE.

Personality pertains to the state. Composed of persons, as distinguished from individuals, the latter remain outside as separate and distinct therefrom in their private interests. Being one, states represent community

of persons solely. And republics preserve their power and perpetuity in maintaining undisturbed this personal polity, the state planted in the common will, and thus ensuring the security of all in the freedom of each and every member of the commonwealth.

Communities have duties to perform collectively, as well as private individuals ; and a truly Christian community will endeavor to ensure an education to every citizen as the safeguard and stronghold of its liberties. Its richest crop is a virtuous and free population, that town or neighborhood being the best which contains the best.



IV.

NURTURE.

“Love is a divine provision for the nurture of the young.”

— *Plato.*





CHILDHOOD.

“**T**HOU whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
(In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;)
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!”

Children are illuminated text-books, breviaries of doctrine, living bodies of divinity, open always and inviting their elders to peruse the characters inscribed

on the lovely leaves. He who cannot divine their significance intuitively and truly, forfeits his claim to name them his or conduct their training during their tender and telling years.

THE TEACHER.

Wise eyes and tender sympathies are requisite for discerning what a child is, and dealing with it according to its deservings. A delicate and discriminating touch alone finds a quick response and calls forth its sensibilities and intellect to deeper issues than the understanding commands. Instinctively the human heart leaps to whatsoever is noble and pure, even when failing to apprehend what it is that charms and wins its admiration and love.

None can teach admirably if not loving his task. There are grades of ability running up from plain sense through the intermediate gifts to enthusiasm and genius. The last are the chosen masters of the art, —

“ The pure gift
Of heaven to poet and to child, which he
Who retains most to manhood, being a man
In all things fitted else, is most a man
Because he wants no human faculty,
Nor loses one sweet taste of the sweet world.”

One must be as young as the children he addresses to say anything which they care to hear; as fresh and jubilant if he will win their attention and impart his

moral effectually. Enthusiasm imparts itself magnetically and fuses all into one happy and harmonious unity of feeling and sentiment.

YOUTH AND AGE.

We pay too dearly for our knowledge if we find ourselves outstripped in age by our youthful wisdom, exiled from the Eden of innocency in which we then dwelt delightedly. "The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart."

If age is the house of forgetfulness, it may be the tower of faith and foresight nevertheless, opening prospects of bettering the memory of the eternal realities which the lapse of time, the obliviousness of the senses, may have obscured for the while, but to be revived with superadded brilliancy and beauty. The soul forgets nothing, save through its vices, worthy of lasting remembrance.

PRIMITIVE EDEN.

A happy childhood is the pledge of a ripe manhood, and when our civilization spreads around an atmosphere of home delights, Christianity will have wrought out its happiest issues. A state, a community, caring first for all its children, providing amply for their spiritual as for their temporal well-being, has organized the primitive Eden.

"Seek not thy fellow-citizens to guide
Till thou can'st order well thine own fireside."

MOTHERS.

One must have constant charge of children and youth if he hopes to mould their minds and manners into the image of beauty and loveliness. And mothers have this happiness beyond all others. To preserve their innocency of heart and fancy inviolate, to quicken the sense of right, steadfastness to conscience,—this is the happy office of mothers. Where there is a mother in the house, matters speed well. Pity the child who has never known one! Pity the mother who assumes the name without being all this implies! “Note well a house that is prosperous among men, and you will find virtue among its women folk.”

“Every new educator,” says Richter, “works less than his predecessor, till at last if you take the whole of life as an institution for education, a circumnavigator does not get from all the nations together so much cultivation as from his nurse.” *

REVERENCE.

Reverence for superiors is the source of filial piety and obedience. We are told that the times of remote antiquity bore so great a reverence for parents as to

* The laws of the commonwealth of Massachusetts establishing free schools enjoin upon teachers:—

“That they shall exert their best endeavors to impress on the minds of children and youth committed to their care and instruction, the principles of piety, justice, and a sacred regard to truth; love of their country, hu-

venture to call them gods ; finding, however, some check from the incommunicable devotion due to the divine nature they called their parents "brothers," hereby intimating what profound respect belonged to the parents themselves when even their collateral relatives were complimented with the name of having something divine in them.

FAITH.

Confidence in persons is a promising trait, a disposition graceful to witness ; in the young specially becoming, and the best of things may be hoped of their future career. Living by faith, for the most part, and taking life and things as these appear to the senses, fortunate for us, if, among the authorities of our neighborhood, the friends of our choice, we find some one or more whose words affect us with a power irresistible and by whose counsels we stay our own. Babes, the Spirit feeds us as babes. Nothing short suffices. We thirst for divinity, crave personal objects of worship. Foundlings here, Nature takes us kindly to her homely breast, weaning us soon,—the children of a nobler stock, stronger than her strength, and of an ancestry our step-dame knows not of.

manly and universal benevolence, sobriety, industry, frugality, chastity, moderation, and temperance; and those other virtues which are the ornament of human society, and the basis upon which a republican constitution is founded. And to endeavor to lead their pupils, as their ages and capacities will admit, into a clear understanding of the tendency of the above virtues, and also to point out to them the evil tendencies of the opposite vices."

Our faiths are instinctive, inborn, become rooted with our affections from the cradle upwards, flower forth in a homely mythology; then wonder, surprise, credulity, superstition even, may qualify our persuasions, and become parts of our personal experience. Without a mythology faith is impersonal and heartless.

“Never change sacred names,
For there are names in every nation, given from God,
Which have an unspeakable power in the mysteries.”

SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

It behooves us to cherish the virtues we praise besides their names. We cannot have too many helps and provocations to genuine piety, nor spare children or youth any advantages of culture which our civilization affords. They bespeak all the nurture, the supervision, the schools can bestow, the family cherish, the church can render. The virtue of a community is unsafe till men are freed from the dominion of the worst without, by assistance from the best within and above them, all past history showing that man lapses into the brute unless he worship something wiser and holier than himself. It requires all gifts to educate a human being, because a human being is the summary of all gifts and the most precious trust committed to life for trial and training.

Aiming at immediate and special results, we are wont to forget that general culture embraces mind and body

alike, includes incentives and discipline for both. It calls forth every faculty in proper order for taking the man's part in the world's affairs, while seeking indirectly and above all the appliances that fit one for the coming sphere of activities to which the present discipline and duties are preparatory. The end is one, the processes complementary and going abreast, religious incitements inspiring the work from the beginning.





V.

HABITS.

Philosophy is the art of living, and therefore must be admitted into every part of our conversation, into all our gay humors and pleasures, to regulate and adjust them, to proportion the time and keep them from excess.

— *Plutarch.*





EPHEMERIS.

I REMEMBER how my young fancy was charmed with the astrological picture fronting our annual almanac, representing the influence of the planets over the several members of the human body, their signs and aspects, and in what good faith the monthly prognostics of the weather were consulted for the guidance of rural affairs. And whatsoever of superstition or of credulity may have been intermingled with the current faith, there was a kind of wholesome piety implying a living affinity between man and the elements, an occult sympathy at least existing between mind and matter, which one must respect if not accept as genuine. It was an ancient doctrine handed down from remote forefathers, repeated in the annual calendars, celebrated besides by the poets from Hesiod to the last mottoes of verse for the successive months throughout the year, and which, moreover, neither faith nor science has yet set aside.

MOODS.

The sensitive scholar must have experienced these ephemeridean periods. And the readers of Milton will

readily recall the eloquent passage wherein he describes the seasons of the year most friendly to his muse. Not all moods for all times, some being the more propitious for thought, some for criticism, some for recreation, some for rest.

“What can I do in poetry
 Now the good spirit's gone from me?
 Why, nothing now, but lonely sit
 And oversee what I have writ.”

For thought the study, for tropes the walk; sitting for composition, standing for criticism; hills for ideas, valleys for sentiment; for force the ocean, the sky for worship, the seasons being in turn recuperative, surcharging body and mind rendering them primitive and elemental. Even the frosts of winter impart virtues that pass into summer, preserving the mind's vigor and fertility during the reign of the dog-star.

Leigh Hunt wrote, —

“Winter's the time to which the poet looks,
 For hiving his sweet thoughts and making honeyed books.”

Thought, like a Hyperborean, comes oftentimes bearded with rigors, as from a region of snow. Frost for thought, heat for sentiment, the mercury tempering the genius accordingly.

The wit is he and genial seer,
 Who deepest drinks thought's atmosphere.

“Let your soul,” says Marcus Aurelius, “receive the deity as your blood receives the air; for the in-

fluences of the one are no less vital than the other. For there is an ambient, omnipresent Spirit which lies as open and pervious to your mind as the air you breathe into your lungs. But then you must remember to be disposed to draw it."

EXERCISE.

Plato called him a cripple who, cultivating his mind, suffered his body to languish through inactivity and sloth. So Dryden, —

"The wise, for care, on exercise depend,
God never made his work for man to mend."

Change of scene most of all for quickening the wits: a frequent sharpening of these upon the atmosphere — the full inspiration of mountain and river, sun and shade, sky pictures all around. What is thus imbibed, pulse by pulse, sense by sense, from day to day, season by season, not spoken nor suspected at the moment, shall sometime pour its affluence from the pen or lip, sparkling with the lustrous flood of imagery to delight every one. Then a plunge into the stream to stir one's blood of a morning and send it bounding and brilliant to the brain for precipitating ideas.* Wonderful the

* "Those who desire to pass through life with health and spirits," says Agatheus, "should bathe frequently in cold water. I can scarcely find words to express the benefit which one receives from this practice; and even in extreme old age, cold bathing, to such as have been habituated to it, will render the body firm, will strengthen the appetite, preserve the senses entire, and, in a word, will give vigor to the whole animal economy."

stimulus, and as wonderful the sloth that withholds the exertion: the demon of indecision being as indomitable a rider of its victim as precipitancy, and riddance from either were alike desirable. "Expel sluggishness from your actions; opportunity is the chief good in every thing." Each moment offers the full cup. Drink, drink deep, drink it off while you may! All is in the flowing moment.

The brimming bowl if once you spill,
Time's longest term shall not refill.

Live a day once and render all days following immortal thereafter.

"Live employed, and so live free
From all fetters, like to me."

Whose tasks delight him cancels melancholy, *ennui*; day by day he enacts the commandments anew. Whatsoever stirs the stagnant currents, setting these flowing in wholesome directions, promotes brisk spirits and productive thinking. The less of routine, the more of life.

"The mind's
A sparkle of heavenly fire, that feeds
On action and employment, needs
No time for rest; for when it thinks to please
Itself with idleness, 't is least at ease."

SLEEP.

Sleep, nevertheless, and enough of it for the wasted members. Heaven trims our lamps while we sleep.

Who cannot sleep soundly pays forfeit for transgression of the sanitary laws by his ancestry or himself. A full draught of oblivion is nature's elixir for restoring the body's tone and tension after being drugged with the opium of the day's delusions. Sleep holds the keys to the mysteries of divination, the laws of sanity. Sleep and dream, so fabled the wise ancients, sway the destinies of mortals. Our dreams drench us in sense, and sense steeps us again in dreams. Sleep is the sure antidote of insanity, the cure of idiocy, the giant of strengths, without whose potent anodynes every creature would run rabid, perception lapse into inanity. Only as we sleep do we survive the fever of thought or quench its flame.

TEMPERANCE.

The beautiful youth Charmides asks Socrates, in the Platonic dialogue of that name, for a remedy to cure his headache, and Socrates naively prescribes a certain leaf, to be taken with a certain incantation, the leaf being of no use, he adds, without the charm, since the body is only comforted and made whole through the health of the soul. The charms, he tells the youngster, are "*beautiful reasons*" or restraints, which, infused into the soul, impart health and cherish virginity of mind and body alike.

Health, longevity, beauty, are other names for personal purity, and temperance is the regimen for all. "All other sciences," says Plato, "are sciences of another thing."

But temperance is both the science of other sciences, and of itself likewise. The temperate man alone knows himself. For to *know thyself* and *be temperate* is the same thing, as both the writings and myself assert."

"And blest are they whom grace
Doth so illumine that appetite in them
Exalteth no inordinate desire,
Still hungering as the rule of temperance wills."

RATIONS.

"A cheerful and a good heart will have a care for his meat and drink."

"Superfluous to relate the various powers
Of different foods. Full fifty years would roll
And fifty more, — life's lengthened span entire
Before the tale were told, the rations named
For inspiration sure and senses sane:
Take then this recipe in sum, as thus —"

Solar diet (of fruits largely), fountain waters, daily baptism and recreation, fair fellowships, thought, a chosen task, continency, early hours, and sovereign sleep.

Banquet of ancient seers and saints to be —
The spice of life and immortality. *

* "The food which is pleasant to each disposition," says the Bhagavad Gítá, "is of three kinds,—

"Those which increase life, vigor, strength, happiness, gayety, and beauty, are savory, rich, and substantial. Those are the pleasant foods, dear to the good.

"The bitter, cold, salt, pungent, sour, and burning are the foods beloved of the bad, causing pain, grief, and disease.

"Whatever food is stale, tasteless, or impure is the food preferred by those of an indifferent quality."

The best of the banquet is taken above the plate, and "what is left does one the most good." Fruits have other virtues than for nourishment, refreshing the spirits by their beauty and fragrance. Lord Bacon reckons "pearmaines among the cool cordials." Apples once had the reputation of being good for longevity. "Eat apples and live forever."

Roger Bacon thought the human species to be naturally immortal, or "*able not to die*," and that the possibility of prolonging human life is confirmed by the fact that, after the loss of aboriginal longevity, individual life is only abbreviated by degrees, and may therefore be partially if not wholly restored by a persistent regimen of temperance and continency observed by generation after generation.

With temperance, health, cheerfulness, friends, a chosen task, one pays the cheapest fees for living, and may well dispense with other physicians.

DEBAUCHERY.

Every one deals with his delights according to pre-disposition, disciplined more or less by his culture and refinement. As his tastes so is he, these classifying him unmistakably. None can hide under fine names; the creature will out when least suspected. What avails though he come garlanded to the hall, Ceres and Bacchus bring their costliest gifts to the banquet, compunction is sure to follow the debauch, the Satyrs

and Furies coming on the morrow for vengeance. It was said of the Rhodians that they built houses as if they were immortal, but feasted as if they meant to die to-morrow.

CHASTITY.

Cleanse the fountain if you would purify the streams. A chaste generation would restore Paradise. But not an age whose youth, like the old sinners are eager to pluck the forbidden fruits from the stem, the brazen following fast childhood's golden period, and leaping wildly into the iron, the beautiful bashfulness, nature's ornament and foil, the girdle of chastity, all torn and trodden under foot.

Till the sexes are held alike to purity of morals, and justice meted alike to both for any infraction of the laws of social order, no community is safe.

“If none can lead without celestial aid
Th' immaculate and pure life of a maid,
Oh! let not then the powers all good divine,
Permit hot lust to soil this breast of mine.”

Why couldst thou not wash the water instead of the water wash thee?

“Who seeks for pleasure in this mortal life,
By diving deep into the body base,
Shall lose true pleasure; but who gainly strive
Their sinking soul above this bulk to place,
Enlarged delight they certainly shall find,
Unbounded joys to fill their boundless mind.”

THE MYSTERIES.

The pure alone are privileged to taste unharmed of the apples of life, knowing the good, the evil not to know in the partaking. "Even genius," says Dante, "is incapable of attaining certain kinds of knowledge unless it be assisted by love." Love, indeed, includes all knowledge, divining the mysteries, which remain sealed till love turn the key. Modesty, that perennial flower planted instinctively in the human breast, blooms therein only as continence guards and virtue keeps. Ah, lady fair, because thou hast not passed blushing, therefore, O womankind, modesty remains for the race!

The fable runs that the gods mix our pains and pleasure in one cup, and thus mingle for us the adulterate immortality which we alone are permitted here to enjoy. Voluptuous raptures, could we prolong these at pleasure, would dissipate and dissolve us. A sip is the most that mortals are permitted from any goblet of delight. Pleasure, that immortal essence, the beautiful bead sparkling in the cup, effervesces soon and subsides; only by the beautiful continency is ours for the moment. Enchantress, she seizes fast and sets free the fancy; in imparting her essence she insinuates the power of creating forms, to which herself falls down presently and worships. Into the brazen leaves she weaves the roses from her garland and crowns the prisoner, whom passion had else bound in chains of iron, with her victorious wreath.

But who ventures the speaking of the unspeakable, to say in words what words at best profane? Ah! were we the true lovers, seldomer should we descend from the clear silences in which the heart voices itself, from that commerce of eyes in whose glance love's features are robed, to the awkwardness, the confusion of speech. And yet words, *the* word once uttered, are love's token, the maiden's wreath. And welcome! since only the pure can truly express the qualities that constitute them such.

“Sink thy plummet in the sea,
 Thou wilt never fathom Love;
 Soar where eagles fly, and he
 Is beyond thee and above.
 By love's influence divine
 Sky and earth in wedlock join.”

Love you none? Then are you lost to love. Love is the key to felicity, nor is there a heaven to any who love not. We enter Paradise through its gates only.

“Love is a circle that doth move
 In the same sweet eternity of love.”

FRIENDSHIP.

Ideals are possibilities, and persons handsomest viewed by the mind's eye, as beautiful estates seen in the distance. Such is the charm of the perspective. But the moment we covet them as ours and ours only, their glory departs, the beauty fades, and they are worthless in our eyes, robbed of all that made them so desirable

to us. Paradise is too delightful to be enjoyed out of the mind. How else were friendship possible? Our ideals are our better selves.

Limner, I come for my likeness.

I have one of your dearest friend.

Beautiful! but I sit for my own.

Your friend is yourself idealized and completed.

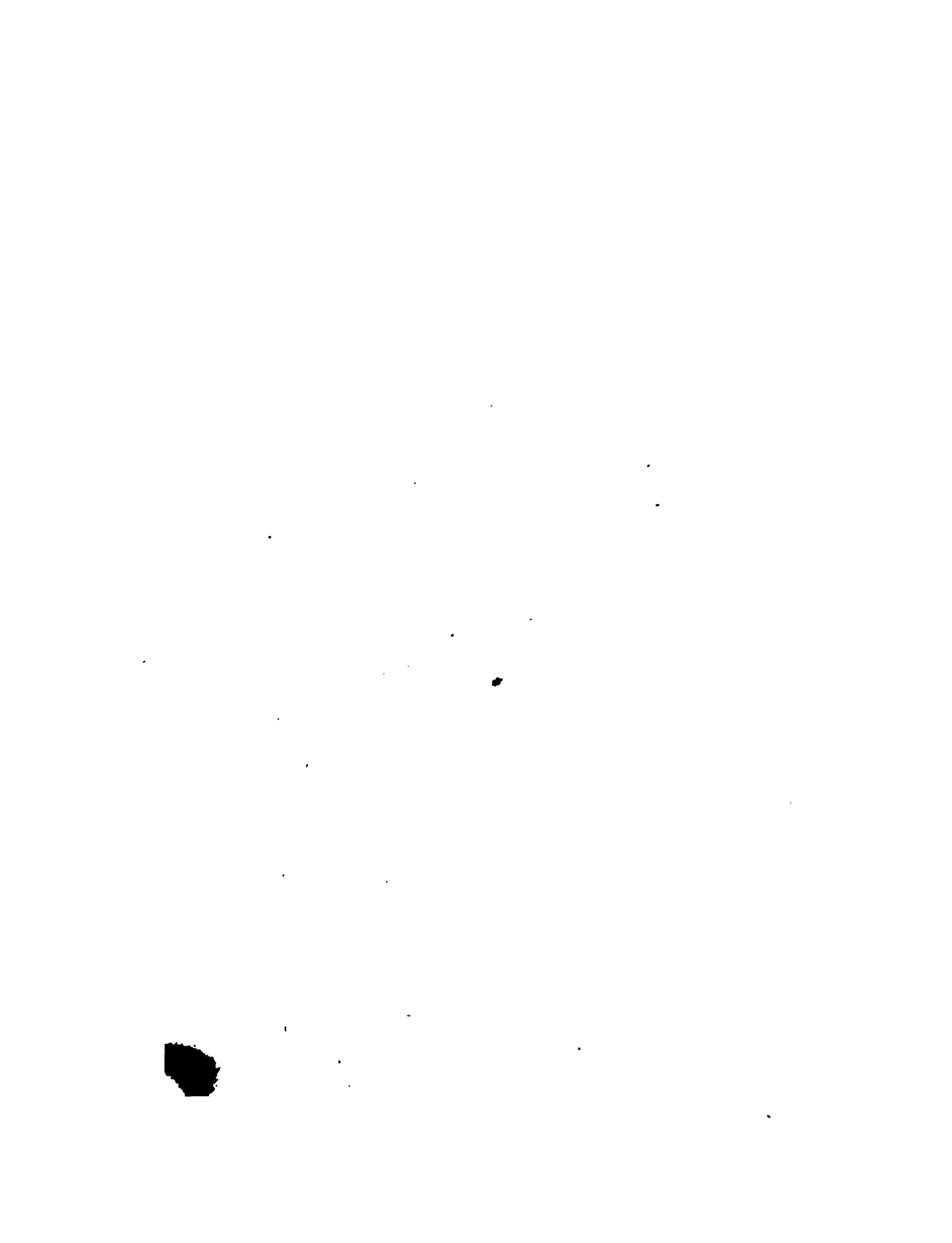
Ah, yes; but how far from that am I!

Therefore is he your ideal, and nothing short can satisfy your demands upon my art. You will never be content with your own.

Our friends interpret the world and ourselves to us, if we take them tenderly and truly; nor need we but love them devotedly to become members of an immortal fraternity, superior to accident or change.

Life's noblest aim, its happiest end,
By love to charm and chain a friend.





VI.

DISCOURSE.

“Conversation is a virtue, and he can be of no good nature that does not prefer it before all other enjoyments whatsoever. Company whets and adorns our good parts, the most exalted endowments growing dull without it. Men acquire color and perfume from the qualities of their associates, and the conversation of good persons is contagious.”

— *Evelyn.*

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HOSPITALITY.

ONE honors himself and his household by the noble company who pass his threshold and the free hospitalities bestowed upon them.

“Some friendly guest,
Who leaving us awhile, the rest
Of our companions look morose and dull,
He was so good and beautiful.”

The house is unfurnished and desolate without woman ; society and conversation were incomplete without her presence and participation. Plain as its apartments may be, these are enhanced by the presence of a hostess upon whom one looks graciously as upon a fair picture ornamenting house and household, the presence of the host adding nobility to the mansion.

CONVERSATION.

The house stands for comfort and for conversation, and parlors were misnamed if not peopled with ideas. Whatever may be spoken is here best spoken, and what may not be delicately implied is forbidden anywhere.

anywhere. Here is woman's world; here are the graces, the proprieties, the wit, the wisdom of discourse,—woman's discretion presiding over all. And where women are, the better things are implied if not spoken. In the company of accomplished women one finds his best gifts at command, his happiest utterances. In the flow of discourse he dips into the sweetness and depth of his mother tongue to bring forth its riches of sentiment and of phrase. Remarkable, too, with what salient sense and sparkle the sex are trained in this genial school, how readily they in conversation bring forth the full opulence of speech to the surprise and confusion of scholars and men of social accomplishments, their wise tongues silencing the egotists who may venture on a tilt with them.

Oft woman's wit prompts and prevails
When man's best counsel halts and fails.

Nor is she a stranger to the decorum of silence. For

“Though discreetly speak, she can
Still be silent, rather than
Talk while others may be heard,
As if she did hate, or feared
Their condition who will force
All to wait on their discourse.”

True intercourse involves the interplay of the feminine and masculine forces. Heart and head appear and disappear in alternate rhyme of sentiment and thought, giving soul and body to the argument. Only as idealists persons meet gracefully. The tender touch is most

effective, the best in each answering to the best in all. It is this modesty and docility of bearing that constitute the charm of discourse—a hospitality given to opinions of diverse shades of difference, along with a depth of insight that seizes the truths underlying the extremes, however wide these may appear. The diffident accost each other with a certain coy respectfulness, having its rise in self-reverence, a regard for persons and principles. The obtrusive egotists,

“Bred ere manners were the fashion,
And their beginnings set them free
Alike from honor and civility,”

may best be left to solve the Socratic paradox at their leisure.

To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of the ignorant. Modesty and docility render one teachable; then reverence and civility are possible. He who has not surveyed himself thus personally excludes himself from society, remains still in his den of individualism, that burrow of the baser nature. “The right society among men consists in the communication of reason and discourse, and not, as with beasts, to graze in the same pasture.”

CANON OF CONVERSATION.

Conversation is an abandonment to ideas, a surrender to persons. Rising naturally from the occasion, the theme, the company, it sets no prescribed rules,

obeys laws of its own. Its beauty consists in its suggestiveness, unexpectedness, saliency; it vaults the passes, flashes the whole of things upon the imagination at a glance, sets life and things anew for the moment. It does not overbear or silence the timid and bashful. It draws forth from all their deepest and happiest thoughts, whether speaking or listening. The good ears prompt the fluent tongues, the good things finding utterance in the genial atmosphere; if the best are not spoken the best are implied, seconded by all and delighting all.

'T is a rare satisfaction,—this fellowship with those who have a genuine appetite for intellectual communication. I remark this more particularly in conversing with women, who cling to personal illustration, bring subjects home to the heart, their faith in the affections holding their heads strong and steady without the prop of argument.

Pressing differences lightly, and seeking agreements rather, the converser avoids definitions, the best things being of too subtle a nature to cling to any definition that fails in answering to the instincts of the heart.

DISPUTING.

Not every one, knowing as he may be, knows when his question is answered, deems the yea or the nay as final. Your yea or your nay are alike partial, nor could have come into the discussion had your statement been in-

clusive and entire. Both are wont to take the part of wranglers, and close the dispute as far from settlement as when it was opened.*

You insist upon my giving to your question a categorical answer, yea or nay. I might answer both yea and nay. You must put your question deeper and inclusively, if you will have the true and final answer; one that admits of no questioning — is self-affirming — unless you persist in denying against all denial. Your nay assumes the pre-supposition of yea to give it even seeming validity and substance.

“In all affirmation and negation,” says Aristotle, “the predicate is a universal.”

Truth is one undivided, all-sided, inclusive, without opposites or parts. It is falsehood’s measure, the mind perceiving what is not by what is. “The right reason of a man is one of the divine volumes in which are written the indelible ideas of eternal truth, so that what it dictates is as much the voice of God as if in so many words it were clearly expressed in the written revelation.”

The want of fixed principles, of positive ideas grounded

* “This is a main piece of idolatry and injustice in the world, that every man would make his private genius a universal God, and would devour all men’s apprehensions by his own fire that glows so hot in him and (as he thinks) shines so clear. Men are wont to be so full of their own fancies and idiopathies that they scarce have the civility to interchange any words with a stranger. If they chance to hear his exotic tone they mention it with laughter, a passion very incident upon that occasion to children and clowns. But it were much better neither to embosom nor reject anything, though strange, till we are well acquainted with it.”

Henry More.

upon a knowledge of the mind, leaves one without a standard of reference or appeal. Opinion is parried by opinion, and the argument fails of bringing conviction to any.

“When I had reason to suppose my convictions fundamentally different, it has been my habit,” says Coleridge, “and I may add, the impulse of my nature, to assign the grounds of my belief, rather than belief itself; and not to express dissent till I could establish some points of complete sympathy, some grounds common to both sides, from which to commence its explanation.”

AGITATION.

Agitation and agitators are needful. But the calm follows the storm, and there needs the skill to still the waves which have been whipped into fury in the conflict. “It is not wise to throw stones into a fountain.” One owes to truth the happiest manner of presenting its claims upon the hearer’s attention, knowing how easily the prejudices and passions are provoked by an unhand-some address, and the absurd strictness with which a mob holds one to his words. More potent the sweet temper for all occasions than the sour, the genial ray than the boisterous hurricane. “Only his word thunders whose life lightens.” Every word of yours smites and provokes when harshly spoken. Indignation even becomes oftentimes a two-edged weapon, to slay him who brandishes it in defence of the right. The colors

of anger and indignation pass so imperceptibly and blend together that they become undistinguishable to the iconoclast. "It is not proper either to carry a blunt sword nor to use freedom of speech intemperately." One does not readily sympathize with the indiscriminate zeal that, while breaking the idols, shatters the tables of the law also. Measure in all things. A candid spirit is mightier than the most persistent dogmatism. Truth is inclusive of all the virtues, is older than sects and schools, and, like charity, more ancient than mankind. "Nothing is finally potential but gentleness and persuasion."

Anger is the resentment of the animal, and gentle blood alone makes the gentleman.

"Know you a man whose intuition sees
When speech is due, or silence sure to please,
Who knows the time for winking and for sight,
And holds in check each animal appetite?
Follow his steps as closely as you can,
For sure in him is nature's gentleman."

DISCRETION.

It was well said by Lysis, the Pythagorean, that "to inculcate liberal speculations and discourses to those whose minds were turbid and confused, were just as absurd as to pour pure and transparent water into a deep well full of mire and clay, for he who does this will only disturb the mud and cause the water to be defiled."

And Lord Shaftesbury speaks with a tender regard for the ignorant and for the weak.

“We can never,” he suggests, “do more injury to truth than by disclosing too much of it at once. 'T is the same with understandings as with eyes, to speak a certain size, and make just so much light and no more. Whatever is beyond brings darkness and confusion. 'T is rare humanity and kindness to hide strange truths from tender eyes.”

The wise Goethe thus delivered his canon of discourse:—

“One is not obliged to utter his highest maxims, unless they can benefit the world at the time. He keeps them discreetly to himself, rather; they cannot fail to diffuse over his actions the mild radiance of a hidden sun.”

IMPLICATION.

There are truths that shield themselves behind veils, and are best spoken by implication. Even the sun veils himself in his own rays to blind the gaze of the too curious starrer. To tell all to the senses is falsifying the truth oftentimes. Yet always the truth should be spoken, the time, manner, person speaking, being matters left to the discretion and good sense of the moment. It is on these occasions that the wise man shows his wisdom above the indiscreet, who must needs tell all he knows, at all times.

Truth is sensitive and jealous of the least encroach-

ment upon its sacredness. "And in proportion as it is inward the less do its terms admit of controversy ; but perception or no perception, yea or nay is the condition in which it comes. The least wanton scepticism is sufficient to annul that fine sense which the object requires. Again, the deeper the truth the more it approaches the impregnable fortress of human liberty, and the more softly does it appeal, the more susceptible of denial it is, and the more susceptible of affirmation ; in a word, the more subjective, the more universal, and yet in one sense the more private also."

SOCRATES' METHOD.

It was an exquisite piece of irony in Socrates' admission of being himself the biggest "know-nothing" in all Athens, and then proving himself to be the wisest by confession of every one whom he might draw into disputing his premise. The more one endeavors to sound the depths of his ignorance the deeper the chasm appears, and he comes at last to the solution of the Socratic paradox, that the confession of ignorance is the beginning of all wisdom.

CHRIST'S METHOD.

How subtle was Christ's method, undermining the premise of his antagonist's assertion at a stroke, convicting, if not convincing, him out of his own mouth of his error. It was the method of intuition, the dialectic

of the Spirit dealing directly with the matter in hand. He spoke thus convincingly by obedience to the laws of the mind, "knowing what was in man" by insight,—the logic of the Spirit transcending all understanding.

Who speaks to the instincts speaks to the deepest in man, and finds the readiest response.

A deeper depth, sense more profound,
Than heart or head shall fully sound.

THE SEER.

I have heard a certain discourse delivered more than once, and with new surprise at every delivery, both as regards the speaker's insight and power of statement. Yet it seemed the impression it made on others was owing less to those excellences,—the suggestive thoughts, the brilliant rhetoric,—than to some indefinable charm of manner that left ordinary speaking by contrast poor and powerless. The auditors heard with eager delight, and what they failed to comprehend they could not but admire as something lovely and admirable. It seemed like the breath of life, an ethereal sweetness, a tonic, of which they would have more, and when the preacher closed still held them in the attitude of inhaling the atmosphere his effusion had cast around them. A pentecost of sensibilities had fallen from his tongue, and they were listening in silence for the prolonged accents to vibrate upon their charmed hearts.

"T is less the counsel than the speaker's worth,
That gives persuasion to his eloquence."

CONVERSATIONS.

The magnetic mind draws his circle around him and pours himself into this cup to fill it to overflowing. This was the ancient mode of instruction.

“The most approved teachers of wisdom in a human way,” says Leighton, “have required of their scholars that, to the end their minds might be capable of it, they should be purified from vice and wickedness. And it was Socrates’ custom, when any one asked him a question, seeking to be informed of him, before he would answer, he asked him concerning his own qualities and course of life.”

Institute in the towns and cities, circles of this sort, and we shall have initiated the fresher style of teaching.

If the Sunday lectures lack the essentials of religious worship, they still have a rightful place in our civilization. Many are drawn thither who shun the church services. And the attraction of different speakers from Sunday to Sunday stimulates thought, each treating his theme from his own standpoint. Moreover, the rising young divines find herein models of eloquent and effective preaching for practical uses.

NEW DIVINITY.

Are peoples left without a priesthood? Be sure the High Powers are gathering congregations for its coming.

So the infant faith waits, seeing the brilliant prospects ahead, the sure descent of the spirit of unity and fellowship.

“Temples are not demolished, though profane,
Here Peter, Jove's, there Paul hath Dia's fane.”

Meanwhile the old faith is not without its oracles, speaking here and there, and out of the chaos of sects and creeds, the unseen Personal Mind is giving birth to the new order, the new divinity.

Many are the seekers who sympathize deeply with Leigh Hunt's confession: —

“A church appears to me an instinctive want in the human family. I never to this day pass one, even of a kind the most unreformed, without a wish to go into it and join my fellow-creatures within in their affecting evidence of the necessity of an additional tie with Deity and Infinity, with this world and the next. But the wish is accompanied with an affecting regret that I cannot recognize it free from barbarisms derogatory to both; and I sigh for some good old country church, finally delivered from the corruptions of the Councils, and breathing nothing but the peace and love befitting the Sermon on the Mount. I believe that a time is coming when such a doctrine, and such only, will be preached; and my future grave by some old, ivied tower, seems quieter for the consummation.”

PREACHING.

If the speaker cannot illuminate the parlor, shall he adorn the pulpit? Who takes most of private life into the desk, comes nearest heaven and the children who have not lapsed out of it. Is it not time in the world's history to have less familiarity with sin and the woes of the pit? Commend me to him who holds me fast by every sense, persuades me, against every bias of temperament, habit, training, culture, to espouse the just and lovely, and he shall be in my eyes thereafter the priest of the Spirit and the sent of heaven.

It is undeniable that, with all our teaching and preaching, admirable as these often are, the current divinity falls behind our attainments in most things else, the commanding practical sense and adventurous thought of our time, being unawakened to the concerns wherein faith and duty have their seats, and from whose fountains life and thought are spiritualized and made lovely to men.*

Though allegory is superseded in good part by the

* "It were a happy suggestion for reviving the spirit of piety and keeping it alive, for the several sects to trace out the bright instances of persons within their pale who have been instrumental in keeping up the life of religion in times when most bustled themselves with strife and disputes, and this none the less though such persons may have made no great figure in the world. For it must be a spiritual eye that distinguishes a truly divine life from one merely secular and humane. Such examples of illuminated persons, would be attractive aids to edification in knowledge and virtue; since we know how the weighty points of religion adorned with a historical dress will sooner go down with mankind than formal discourse.

novel, the field for this form of writing is as rich and inviting as when Bunyan wrote. A sacred allegory, treating of the current characteristics of the religious world, would be a powerful instrumentality for awaking and stimulating the piety of our times.



VII.

CREEDS.

“It is the great beauty of true religion that it shall be universal, and a departure in any instance from universality is a corruption of religion itself.”

— *Glanvill.*



CATHOLICITY.

MANIFEST reforms are stirring the common air we breathe, and are advocated with a zeal more or less discreet and discriminating. One may not sympathize fully with any, yet find something in all to which he gladly gives countenance and aid. If approving the end, he may prefer other and what he deems wiser means for its attainment. Methods are mostly matters of convention, and earnest enthusiasm is reputable in a worthy cause. Neither standing aloof from parties and sects, nor remaining inside, measures one's piety or patriotism. The true man is above sect or party, whether he cooperate with such or not. Without good men and true to uphold sects and parties, these would reel down to ruin and dissolve. 'T is the inclusive spirit that holds bodies together and advances the commonwealth of mankind. *All for all, and abreast*, its motto.*

* "I am persuaded," says an old author, "if we judged of spiritual things by the weight and solidity of an inward principle, the power of a divine life, and not by the outward form and appearance, or an agreeableness to our own notions and opinions, we should discover a most harmonious agreement in the essential and radical principles of divine truth and goodness among

It especially becomes Christians to free themselves from the exclusiveness of sects and creeds of every name and time. Professing to be followers of One who sought to liberate his disciples from every bias of breeding or of race, they should at least prove themselves strong enough to stand fast in the strength of their convictions, and respect not less the convictions meanwhile of others equally honest and sincere. It were modest to commend all professors to the following of that one Christian in history, Jesus himself. Yet one may even hesitate taking the name of Christian if he implicate his private views by associating with others; preferring rather to illustrate that sacred name by modesty of profession and purity of life. A Christian is a high type of character, including every excellence to which humanity aspires, a sympathy with all of like aspirations of whatever name or race. And now, while thought is exploring all subjects affecting human welfare, the spiritual solvent cannot be wanting for fusing the current creeds and recombining them in a fresher faith, answering to the religious needs of the present if not future generations. In the general diffusion of light no special thought can hold the community very long under its shadow, since the revelations made to the various races are culminating in an inclusive faith suited to the needs of all.

those who seem most of all to oppose one another in their notions and sentiments. If we did but know how to interpret each other's souls, we should quickly find that we differ more in words than in thoughts, and in the notions of things than in the things themselves."

CHRISTIANITY.

“Like all other religions,” says Max Müller, “Christianity has its history. But the Christianity of the nineteenth century is not the Christianity of the Middle Ages. The Christianity of the Middle Ages is not that of the early councils. The Christianity of the early councils was not that of the apostles. What has been said by Christ, that alone was well said.”

“What is now called the Christian religion,” says St. Augustine, “existed among the ancients, and was not wanting from the beginning of human kind till Christ came in the flesh, since when the true religion begins to be called the Christian religion.”

Christians have no good reason for regarding with jealousy the Oriental religions. Christianity does not conflict with any, but complements them. Enlightened Christians in all times past have gladly recognized the likeness of Plato's spirit especially to the Christian. Christianity absorbs and assimilates into itself the best of Platonism, the Greek idealism being intermingled with the Jewish faith in our body of Saxon divinity. One must hear St. John speak to catch the accent of this composite faith. St. Paul, though bred in the dialectic of the Greek schools, came late by his conversion to the new faith, and remained a Jew to the last. St. Peter was a zealot, and St. James was plainly the Non-conformist of his time. All were limited by their race and temperament.

“ I think it no contemptible argument,” says Dr. Henry More,” that the Platonists, the best and divinest of philosophers, and the Christians, the best of all that profess religion, do agree in the fundamentals of their faith, acknowledging that God hath not left any without witness of himself. And it might strike our adulterate Christian professors with shame and astonishment, — their lives falling so exceedingly short of the better heathen, — to find Plato so akin to their professions ; for Christ is not wherein his name is, nor doth God fill the world with his glory by words and sounds, but by his spirit, life, and reality.”

IMMANUEL.

Life is one, religion one, creeds are many and diverse. And as all peoples have lapsed more or less from personal integrity, there needs an Immanuel to restore them to their forfeited Heaven of Blessedness.

An impersonal faith will not satisfy. A personal mediator, uniting the human and divine, alone suffices. Only as the Word becomes incarnate is the religious sentiment fairly addressed, the revelation cordial and complete. *

Christianity has become so woven into the very human tissues, that to question or even qualify belief in its

* “ Socrates,” says Coleridge, “ introduced ethics and taught duties, and then finally Plato asserted, or reasserted, the idea of God, the Maker of the world. The measure of human philosophy was then full, when Christianity came to add what was wanting, — *assurance*.”

divinity would be like what Plutarch asserts of the sacred Egyptian fables. "But I fear," he says, "this would be to stir things that are not to be stirred, and to *declare war not only* (as Simonides speaks) *against length of time*, but also against many nations and families of mankind, whom a religious reverence towards these gods holds fast bound, like men astonished and amazed; and would be no other than going about to remove so great and venerable names from heaven and earth, and thereby shaking and despoiling that worship and persuasion that hath entered into almost all men's constitutions from their very birth, and opening vast doors to the atheists' faction, who convert all divine matters into human, giving also a large license to impostures."

PURITANISM.

Creeds, like other goods, pass by inheritance to descendants. Not every one of the present generation were so fortunate as to inherit a liberal and humane one. I, for my part, while acknowledging gratefully my indebtedness for whatsoever was humane and holy in the Puritan creed, have wished it had bequeathed to us some gleams of Jove's smiling Olympus to soften the terrors of its blazing Sinai. I know these have been softened and humanized by the more enlightened spirit of our time, and, with new interpretations, still suit the temper and tendencies of many of the present generation. Nor can it be denied that, dreary and doleful

as it was, it has borne fruits that any faith might honor, has planted institutions still in advance of all others in our modern civilization, has nurtured heroic qualities of character, if not the gentler ones. It has made New England the leader of human civilization, and still leads the world in the civic and social virtues, if not in general intelligence and culture. *

Now, while extremes in religious faiths are finding a common basis, 't is wise in the sects to press differences tenderly. Religion is too essential to cling to any dogma. The head best leaves to the heart what the heart alone divines. Piety is too subtle and elusive to be drawn into and confined in definitions, and he is most devout who clings to the spirit, while giving the letter full play to express itself in his conduct.

“Synods and decrees and even councils,” wrote Erasmus, “are by no means, in my judgment, the fittest modes of repressing error, unless truth depend simply on authority. But, on the contrary, the more dogmas there are, the more fruitful is the ground in producing heresies. Never was a Christian faith purer

* “The Church of England,” says a modern writer, “has been a blessing to mankind, inasmuch as it has discountenanced the most superstitious, and given sense and improvement leave to grow; but if it cannot learn still further to sacrifice letter to spirit, and see the danger of closing its lips on the greatest occasions and then proceeding to open them on the smallest, and dispute with its very self on points the most frivolous and vexatious, it will do itself an injury it little dreams of with the new and constantly growing intelligence of the masses, who are looking forward to the noblest version of christianity.”

or more undefiled than when the world was content with a single creed, and that the shortest creed we have."

PIETY.

Professions *with* performance. One's piety is best displayed in his pursuits,—his prayers perfected. Dispossessed of one's egotism, the Godhead enters. The devout Jew never pronounced Jehovah's name. While God is the mute letter in the saint's service, and himself the silent syllable, faith lisps itself in lovely liturgies and with veiled face. "You should not dare to speak of God to an impure soul," said Pythagoras. Being an instinct of man's nature, religion seeks to become a life and light. Being personal, it is inspired by personal persuasion, living examples. It has doctrines, to be sure, creeds, rituals, sacraments, symbols; but these must be warmed into significance by living. It is a life lived above the senses, and a light to these. If eyes are wanted, it creates these for seeing; ears for hearing, hearts to understand, since the Spirit alone divines the Spirit's teachings.

Not Scripture but life, practice not profession, renovates and sanctifies. The letter sometimes vitiates its spirit. Piety refuses to be written. Scripture is sacred or profane as is the life it records. Every noble life becomes a revelation of the spirit which the love and joy of mankind cannot let perish from remembrance.

SPIRITUALITY.

Born daily out of a world of wonders into a world of wonders, that faith is most ennobling which, answering to one's highest aspirations, touches all things meanwhile with the hues of an invisible world. And how vastly is life's aspect, the sphere of one's present activity, widened and ennobled the moment there step spiritual agents upon the stage, and he holds conscious communication with unseen powers!

"He to whom the law which he is to follow," says Jacobi, "does not stand forth as a God, has only a dead letter which cannot possibly quicken him."

The religious life transcends the scientific understanding, its lights shining through the clouds to those alone whose eyes are anointed to look behind the veils by lives of purity and devotion.*

SCRIPTURE.

The message is of more importance than the messenger who brings it; still more important is the divining

* "God imparts to the human soul his essential and original knowledge. The soul is the mirror of the universe and stands in relationships to all living things. She is illuminated by an inward light; but the tempest of passions, the multitude of sensual impressions, the dissipations darken the light, whose glory only diffuses itself when it burns alone, and all is peace and harmony within. When we know ourselves to be separated from all outward influences, and desire only to be guided by this universal light, then only do we find in ourselves pure and certain knowledge. In this state of concentration the soul analyzes all objects on which her attention rests. She can unite simply with them; penetrate through their substances, penetrating even to God himself, and feeling him in the most important truths."

— Van Helmont.

instinct to read its significance when delivered. The Spirit is superior to the text. Who but the Spirit shall interpret the Spirit?

'Tis one and the same Spirit dictating and divining the Scripture. You read into the text whatsoever you find therein. Your Bible was life before it became letter; and you must live into the life that dictated the letter if you will find its true import. You cannot seek what you have not some notion of in yourself. The spirit dwelling in you must interpret yourself to yourself.

Inspiration must find answering inspiration. Unless the senses are opened, and the light fall from the Spirit upon the page, is there answering illumination, though it were the sacred text upon which the eye rests, the mind ponders. It needs a man to perceive a man, an inspired soul to translate the text of the inspired book, and interpret the revelation after it is written. Without such interpretation the page were blank. "If thou beest it, thou seest it."

BIBLICAL STUDIES.

The history of religions, of which Christianity is a transcendent element, awaits the deepest study. It requires Bibles to free from Bibles. Comparative theology is the best of studies for liberating one's mind from geographical and traditional limitations. Like travelling, it shows the globe in its varying climates and zones, its latitude and longitude of intelligence.

When the races shall have learned each the other's language, the significance of things to thoughts, one faith becomes universal, one brotherhood.

MYTHOLOGIES.

Respect, Christian, the mythologies of nature and of nations, and treat with becoming reverence the sacred Pantheon of the Mind, the Person in man clothing itself in the faded garments of the gods. Enter, therefore, the sacred fanes, and treat with a soft regard the gods and heroes before whom thy brother kneels, for so shall *The One* whom all revere be found of thyself and him alike. Break not rudely his idols, lest thou shatter the image of the One whom, through the many, he also loves and adores.

REVELATIONS.

Revelations are suited to the minds of their recipients, the oracle of a period being corrected by some successor in turn. Impossible, otherwise, in the nature of communication itself, since the whole of truth is commensurate with the whole of being, and this is not apprehended at a glance. Hence the mending of the spectacles, age after age, to suit the eyes of advancing intelligence.

“Less hard 't is not to err ourselves, than know
If our forefathers err'd or no.
When we trust men concerning God, we then
Trust not God concerning men.”

AUTHORITY.

The sacred books owe their credibility to the fact of having been dictated by the Spirit to faith, as their sponsor and interpreter. A book written from Reason, reaches the reason alone; fails of meeting the demands of the imagination, the moral sentiment, the heart; fails of making good its claim upon the personality entire. If the voice of the Personal Mind, it speaks to every man, and to each according to the measure of his receptivity. Moreover, every faith has its historic grounds, its roots running deep and piercing the oldest traditions, intertwisting its belief with whatsoever is marvellous in memory, feeding both the senses and the soul, and cropping out into an overshadowing mythology answering to the genius of the race, the period of its origin and history.

DOGMAS.

Every dogma embodies some shade of truth to give it seeming currency. Take the theological Trinity as an instance, which has vexed the literal church from its foundation, and still perplexes its learned doctors. An intelligible psychology would interpret the mystery even to the unlearned and unprofessional. Analyze the attributes of your Personality,—that which you name yourself,—and you find herein the threefold attributes of Instinct, Intelligence, Will, incarnate in

your own person, — the root plainly of the Trinitarian dogma.

Not till we have fathomed the full significance of what we mean when we pronounce

“*I, myself,*”

is the idea of Person clearly discriminated, philosophy and religion established upon immutable foundations.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

The attempt at reconciling science and religion is a significant feature of our time. And if the advocates of both will cherish the reverence due to such supreme investigations, the best results will ensue to science and religion alike. And whatever the attitude of the opponents, the reconciliation must ultimately follow, else matter and mind were void of unity and coherence, the universe without an Intelligent Head.



VIII.

INTERLEAVES.

“The postulate of Philosophy, and at the same time the test of philosophic capacity, is no other than the heaven-descended “*Know thyself;*” and this at once practically and speculatively. For, as philosophy is neither a science of the reason, or understanding only, nor merely a science of morals, but the science of Being altogether, its primary ground can be neither merely speculative nor merely practical, but both in one.”

— Coleridge.





THE PRACTICAL AS INTRODUCTORY TO THE SPECULATIVE.

THERE are two sides or phases to the "Practical." The practical includes what is instrumental, subsidiary, — a means to an end. This, so far as man is concerned, has relation first to his bodily wants, — food, clothing, and shelter — to their satisfaction and supply ; secondly, the ministration toward his spiritual wants which crave culture, or the ascent above individual limitations and the realization of the generic ideal of humanity or Mind. In other words, the practical endeavor of Man must neutralize his immediate and slavish dependence on Nature (relieve him from the sensuous importunity of hunger, heat, and cold, external intrusion), and it must enable him to realize in himself as Particular individual the Universal, or the consciousness of his entire species, the human race.

The first phase of the Practical looks to providing the means for the sustenance of the body ; the body is, however, an instrument for the soul, or for the purposes of conscious being. Hence this phase looks to the creation of an instrument *for* an instrument, — thus a double mediation.

The second phase of the Practical is ministrative directly to the final end, the Consciousness of Man. Subtract consciousness, and the possibility of the practical altogether vanishes. There must be a conscious adaptation in any one or all of its phases. A complete and entire consciousness of it—a comprehension of its entire scope—may be found, however, in few people. This necessary knowledge commonly takes on a partially unconscious form, the form of *conviction*, or religious faith. The individual looking out upon the world of instrumentalities, the infinite complex of mediations, is unable to trace it through to the end, and therefore borrows from the SEER his insight in the form of a Divine Revelation, and by its light believes that he possesses a Personality which is absolute end, and beyond all subservience to mere outward uses.

The Practical, as regards provision for bodily wants, has an incidental higher use. It is not simply for the neutralization of the physical pangs and inconvenience—the rendering of the same a nullity—that the bulk of human endeavor goes to the supply of the body. If all this were merely to still the Cerberean dog, the economy of Providence might be doubted. In stilling the clamor of the body, man is obliged to resort to social and political combination. The division of labor in Civil Society, the institution of the Family and the State,—all these are initiated to relieve man from the degrading slavery to bodily sensation. But only “initiated” for these institutions, all serve directly a spirit-

ual end ; when Spirit can provide for the body incidentally while providing in the most direct way for the Soul, then it has achieved freedom, for the External no longer sways or swerves.

In these great institutions — Family, Society, and the State — mankind arrives at the necessary conditions of spiritual combination. These it would organize therefore as mere forms, were there no material need to goad it on, provided, once for all, that mankind had achieved rational insight into the means and demands of culture. But as the consciousness of the Race develops in Time, and is a *historical* existence and not an absolute one, it follows that the bodily necessities with their pricking pangs are useful as initiatives, — nay, even necessary. Here the divine Providence is manifest : Nature urges herself to complete introversion, and the “breath of Life” is compelled to sustain itself by contest with the clay dwelling in which it finds itself. In satisfying the physical, the spiritual is excited to activity, and gradually gains ascendance and independence. The “mask of life” and the subjection of the Spiritual to material ends is seen to be only *Maya*, — a mere delusion of the senses. All this servitude and slavery has been only for self-knowledge, and for the freedom of the self from the self, the realization of the Universal in the Particular.

The blind Samson grinds in the mill, not for others but for himself ; the imprisonment in sensuous being must be broken by pain and stern renunciation. When

it is done, down falls that lying torment, the Mask of Life (*die qualvolle Lüge der Larve des Lebens*), and the soul looks through the interval upon the unveiled Eternal Verities. The Universal, the Absolute, God, is the root of this Ego which I call myself, and when I free myself from the glare of the senses (which cause selfishness in place of self-consciousness) I shall live and have my being in the presence of this great fact.

But there is a possibility of undervaluing that portion of our life which is called *secular* to distinguish it from the direct, conscious seeking of the Divine. As already stated, the whole realm of the Secular — the Family, Society, and the State — is also directly tributary to the divine life of Man.

It is not a mere instrumentality for the purpose of silencing the beast of the body, but rather is it the pro-pædeutics of human combination and communication, wherein spiritual life becomes a reality, a fixed fact. The division of labor and exchange of productions are the apparent ends of industry, but the cunning of Spirit uses them merely as means for the circulation of ideas. The real Practical result is the addition to consciousness of new foreign material, the appropriation of points of view that were alien to it. By solving (spiritually digesting) the contradiction between its own ideas and those of the new people with whom it comes in contact, it rises to more universal and truer ideas. The contrast between this commerce and the material commerce is to be marked. In material commerce the goods are to be

consumed and rendered null ; in the commerce of ideas, both parties gain, and neither lose anything.

By this discussion we have only sought the standpoint of the Idealist. Whether he be the mystic, the religious man, or the speculative philosopher, he regards the world as a "fleeting show," considered by itself, and the great fact of the Universe to be the Immanence of Spirit, of the Divine Person. In this he is not necessarily "impractical," but is quite likely to be intensely the contrary.

THE SPECULATIVE.

I.

Mr. ALCOTT's first principle is Person — or the absolute self-reflection — that which knows itself purely.

Hence it is a speculative stand-point. All stand-points are material which posit at the basis a fixed or rigid substance, a realized multiplicity, whether the same be called simply matter, force, law, form, cause, essence, ideas, or archetypes, etc., etc.; while, on the other hand, all stand-points are speculative which posit a self-moving, self-making pure act at the basis, whether they call it God, Person, or Idea, its proper names, or any of the other terms mentioned.

A demonstration that Person or Idea is the Absolute Principle, and that nothing else can be, would run somewhat as follows :

a. Being is either dependent or independent : if the latter, it is by itself; and if the former, it exists in another which is independent.

b. Actual Being is either determined through itself or another : if the latter, it is finite, not self-contained, not a totality; if the former, it is self-contained and infinite.

c. Hence all being is self-determined and independent, or else exists in and through a self-determined and independent.

d. That which is self-determined or self-made is not subordinate to Time and Space, but generates them in its own process; for if it were subordinate to Time and Space, it would be externally determined, and thus a dependent somewhat.

e. This self-determined Being is what we name God, Spirit, or Idea (in the sense of Person).

Remarks.—In this proof we have taken the reflective method,—a very deficient form, because we are forced to jump from one beginning to another. We have an insight into the true stand-points at first, and then construct a bridge to get to them. The genetic or dialectic method, on the other hand, unfolds the progress of discovery as well as its grounds. The method used above is similar to the mathematical method. It jumps across the river to get a plank to make a bridge with. Of course, itself does not need a bridge; it kindly makes one for others.

But the genetic method gives the wings with which the discoverer flew across the chasm. All these strictures on the method employed here will become evident on looking at the beginning, which is gratuitously assumed without explaining why it is done.

In the geometric demonstration I draw this construction and that, but give no explanation of the why. Thus it is an external procedure when contrasted with the dialectic method.

Thus one may have a speculative stand-point and not a speculative procedure. It may be without any procedure, a mere positing of the various degrees of the finite; or these degrees may have the reflective nexus exemplified; or, finally, the dialectic may be given, and in this case the whole system is speculative. This prepares us for a view of the second stage in Mr. Alcott's Philosophy:—

THE DESCENT OR LAPSE OF THE SOUL.

II.

a. The first Principle, or God, is a Person—a self-determining or creative, self-dirempting or self-dissecting.

b. He creates that which is most like Himself, hence

self-determined or creative beings. They differ from the Absolute Person only in degree; they are pure souls.

c. These pure souls may lapse or may not. They have the possibility of lapse, since they are free.

d. Those that lapse create thereby bodies for themselves; and, lapsing still further, generate the lower animals; and, these continuing the lapse, beget the plant-world; and thence results the inorganic world.

e. The limit to the lapse is the atom [*i. e.*, complete self-externality, or space, or chaos].

This Scheme has the following advantages as a view of the world:

A. (a) It recognizes Person as the only substantial, and all else as dependent thereon. This is the opposite of the materialistic scheme.

(b) It places next to the Person, as the substance, that which is most like it, as being the most substantial; that which is least personal is least substantial and most dependent, hence is placed last as depending on the dependent.

B. It represents all creation as through thought.

(a) The total thought of God thinks the total, and thus Himself as His own object, or Pure Spirit.

It is only finite thinking, *i. e.*, an act of thought, which seizes only one moment of the totality, that creates an imperfect being. The finite thought thinks a part or phase as though it were a totality, and thus takes it out of its truth; hence arises untruth. In this sense, the theory of the finite resting on *lapse* is deepest truth.

(b) It implies that thinking creates its thought (the deep fundamental thought of Aristotle); hence seeing creates what it sees. The divine, harmonious, pure, unlapsed soul comprehends or seizes all in the One or Person; while the lapsed soul, in the form of sense and understanding, creates spectres, *i. e.*, gives validity to abstractions, and thus cannot cancel them and arrive at their negative unity in pure thought. This leads us to the consideration of the positive value of this scheme.

III.

This order of stating the genesis is an order of rank or caste.

a. Each lower form has its explanation in the next higher or more concrete. The soul sees its moments scattered and isolated in the lower forms in such a manner that each is deficient and demands to be complemented by another.

b. When we consider the inorganic, we find strange properties, such, for example, as gravity, inertia, or light and heat; we ascend to the organic world and see what all these meant. The lower forms of the organic, such as vegetation, likewise have their explanation in the higher or animal forms, and the animal has its explanation in man. Thus this system formally justifies itself.

According to Plotinus, "The soul appetizing is the animal. The world of vegetation is the merely reproductive soul. The world-soul is the immediate effective agency of the intellect which is its own object. The longing of the individual, special soul gives it a body; with the body it retains fancy and memory. Below it is the sense-world, and then feeling, desire, and the vegetative life."

In the Fifth Ennead, he has this order: — I. The One; II. The Intellect (dualism). The Primal Essence in its return to itself sees itself, and thus arises knowing or intellect; thus the Primal Essence is disremented in its unity; as disrempment (or intellect) it produces the lower orders.

Proclus considers the One as unrecognizable in itself, and to be cognizable only as it is in its process and return. The relation of the unity to the distinctions which it produces is that of the procession from itself. He shows by a dialectic more or less external how all determinations cancel themselves and return to the One.

Plato's highest principle is the Comprehension or genus (*idéa*). This is the universal particular and individual as one process, hence dialectic throughout. Plato is therefore dialectical, always moving from the Many to the One, like Pro-

clus. His dialectic is more or less mixed with reflections, seldom pure; and his great inferiority to Aristotle is in this, that he does not enunciate so clearly the self-thinking thought to be the first Principle.

When the logical idea finds all its presuppositions, so that its moments or phases become equal to the total, we have the IDEA, in which the dialectic vanishes. There is no longer an external negative unity cancelling the moments, for each moment is its own negative unity, and thus a complete totality. Each one is in the image of the whole, and the whole thus attains extant being, so that in the sphere of the idea we have the identity of Being or immediateness and Comprehension or subjectivity. This is seized by Aristotle in its immediate or elementary phase, and hence he has the appearance of proceeding empirically; for he seizes each stage as a totality, and leaves out the dialectic—unlike Plato. The complete Philosopher should show the genesis of the Idea dialectically, but this is Plato's side. Aristotle assumes it. Plato is always demonstrating the dialectical evolution of the Idea, but leaves the work unfinished.*

From this we shall be able to point out the missing links in Mr. Alcott's Philosophy. He leaves out the dialectic entirely, and hence we have no historical Comprehension, but each step is treated as a totality or an idea. When this becomes entirely insufficient, he has recourse to concrete dialectical terms, such as appear in Psychology, or even Physiology, as "appetite," "desire," etc. The starting-point, too, or the genesis whose soul is the dialectic, is rigid, and we advance by reflections or else begin anew with each link, making a

*The method of reasoning employed by the dialectic of Plato, was invented by Eleatic Zeno, the disciple of Parmenides, and is as follows:

Two hypotheses being laid down, viz: *If a thing is, and if it is not*, each of these may be tripled by considering in each *what happens*, *what does not happen*, *what happens and at the same time does not happen*, so that six cases will be the result.

But since, *if a thing is*, we may consider itself with respect to itself, or itself with respect to others; or we may consider others themselves with re-

discreet degree. Now, to the mind of the oracle all this is present. The totality hovers before it, but in such an immediate form that the permanent variable cannot be seized. Hence it is that the steps are seized isolatedly, while the mediation of the same remains unconsciously in the subject and is not explicitly stated.

Of course, when the dialectic is left out, the series may be inverted without any obvious impropriety. Thus, in the present instance we are taught that the most perfect created beings were created first instead of last, which is the Mosaic order and that of the ordinary conception. The apparent difficulty would entirely vanish if the creation of the first pure soul were considered dialectically; for then the links would fall between the Absolute Idea and its realization as Pure Spirit as cancelled moments, and hence not as real evil. As all these intermediate links would have their explanation and *raison d'être* in the Final Cause or perfect spirit, the pred-

spect to themselves, or others with respect to the thing itself, and so likewise if a thing is not; hence the whole of this process *will consist of eight triads*, which are the following:—

1. If a thing is, what happens to itself with respect to itself; what does not happen; what happens and at the same time does not happen.
2. If a thing is, what happens to itself with respect to others; what does not happen; what happens and at the same time does not happen.
3. If a thing is, what happens to others with respect to themselves; what does not happen; what happens and at the same time does not happen.
4. If a thing is, what happens to others with respect to that thing; what does not happen; what happens and at the same time does not happen.

And the other forms which are founded on the hypothesis that a thing is not, are to be distributed in exactly the same manner as those above enumerated.

Such is the whole form of the Dialectic method, which is both intellectual and scientific, and under which these four, the definitive and divisive, the demonstrative and analytic, receive their consummate perfection. Its end is the perfection of truth. The whole of our life is an exercise to the vision of this, and the wandering through dialectic hastens to that as its past and looks through all.

— Thomas Taylor.

icate evil or good could not be applied to them, and hence the obstacle which Plotinus sought to remove (the *real* existence of evil as a creation of the Absolute) is shown to have no absolute existence, but only a relative one to finite consciousness (the reflective understanding). This, perhaps we have reason to believe, is the true view of those who explain creation through the lapse. They cling to that form of stating it in order to emphasize the hierarchy of Spirit and the dependence of destiny upon Choice or the freedom of the Will.*—WILLIAM T. HARRIS, *Editor of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, etc.*

* Every system of metaphysics, which has had its hold for the time upon the human mind, owed its acceptance to its embracing an element of the mind's absoluteness, else it had not had a history. Thus to the Eleatics we owe the idea of being in itself; of becoming, to Heraclitus; that of The One, to Leucippus and Democritus; of quantity, to Pythagoras; that of measure, of identity, of difference, and of ground, to Leibnitz; that of the negative, to the Sceptics; of being in itself and the phenomenon, to Kant; that of content and form, of matter and form, to Aristotle; that of substance, to Spinoza; that of the general idea, to Plato; that of the absolute idea, to Plato, Aristotle, and Kant.

Succeeding thinkers appear to have added nothing of importance to the ideas of these great masters.

. The most noteworthy presentation of the "Latest Philosophy" is now being given in a series of lectures, in Boston, by Rev. Joseph Cook, which we understand are announced for publication in the coming autumn.





TABLE-TALK.

Book III.

SPECULATIVE.

“Should any one interrogate Nature how she works, if graciously she vouchsafe to listen and speak, she will reply, ‘It behooves thee not to disquiet me with interrogations, but to understand in silence, even as I am silent, and work without words.’”

— *Plotinus.*



I.

METHOD.

“I shall commend to them that would successfully philosophise the belief and endeavor after a certain principle more noble and inward than Reason itself, and without which Reason will falter, or at least reach but to mean and frivolous ends. I have a sense of something in me while I thus speak, which I must confess is of so retrue a nature that I have no name for it, unless I should adventure to term it *Divine Sagacity*, which is the first rise of a successful reason.”

— *Dr. Henry More.*





INDEX.

METAPHYSICS is but an index to the study and interpretation of the universe ; yet some finger-post is convenient and even necessary for the student who will plunge into this wood of wonders. If sometimes perplexed and losing his way while threading the thickets, let him but take his bearings carefully, never questioning that he may reach the familiar goal at last, for which he set forth at the beginning.

“ While we sit still,” says Berkeley, “ we are never the wiser, but going into the river and moving up and down is the way to discover its depth and shallows. If we exercise and bestir ourselves, we may even have discovered something. The eye by long use comes to see even in the darkest caverns, and there is no subject so obscure that we may not discover some glimpse of truth by long poring over it. Truth is the cry of all, but the game of the few. Certainly, where it is the chief passion, it doth not give way to vulgar ends and views, nor is it contented with a little ardor in the early time of life, active perhaps to pursue, but not so fit to weigh and revise. He that would make a real progress in knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as youth, — the later growth as well as first fruits, at the altar of truth.”

METHODISTS.

The great thinkers of all times have been strict methodists. They made their astonishing discoveries and set these forth systematically, by following the laws of thought, the logic of things, and thus showing the track of spirit in their genesis. Esteeming mind as a living, creative power, they seized its movements and traced these legally from their sources to their issues. Other processes they knew were but mere conjectures and systems of logomachy.

Proclus observes, "There are two sorts of philosophers: the one places body first in the order of being, and makes the faculty of thinking depend thereupon, supposing that the principle of all things is corporeal; that body must really or principally exist, and all other things in a secondary sense and by virtue of that. Others, making all corporeal things to be dependent upon soul or mind, think this to exist in the first place and primary sense, and the being of bodies to be altogether derived from and to presuppose that of the mind."

Either method avails, the method of analysis or of synthesis. They start from opposite bases, and thence proceed by processes the reverse of each other, — life, the while, their common factor. Like the fable of the shield seen from obverse sides, each justifies results from its point of view. The former observes matter as such; the latter, as exalted and mingled with mind, neither

being able to separate life from matter or mind. The idealist avails himself of both methods, and thus includes the facts entire in his speculation.

Starting from life in atom, the naturalist evolves therefrom the series of forms in ascending order up to man, where his science halts. Life and matter remain to him as inexplicable as at the start. The idealist accepts *the* facts, without *his* inferences. He carries forwards and upwards the series inversely through instinct, intelligence, will, personality, to their acme and genesis in Spirit. And from thence descending in creative order, he threads the kingdoms of mind and of matter upon Spirit, which floods all substances with its life, is the solvent force quickening the imponderable essences, and bodies forth all things in matter as its vehicle.

“ Symbolical is all that meets the sense,
 One mighty alphabet for infant minds;
 And we in this low world, placed with our back
 To bright Reality, that we may learn
 With young, unwounded ken the substance from
 The shadow.”

MATTER.

Everything is thus suffused with spirit. And matter, seen essentially, becomes spirit in fusion trembling to organize itself. The visible world is spirit outspread before the senses, for the analysis of understanding,

the synthesis of reason, and matter is Spirit's confine,
limning bodies to the senses.

Out of the chaos dawns in sight
The globe's full form in orb'd light;
Beam kindles beam, kind mirrors kind,
Nature's the eye-ball of the Mind;
The fleeting pageant tells for nought
Till shaped in Mind's creative thought.

OBSERVATORY.

Everything in matter is respirable in thought. Every atom drifts mindwards to partake of the brain's endowments, an omniscient brain being Spirit's culmination in matter, and its observatory of things terrestrial. Mind thus becomes the common menstruum, and thought the solvent of all substances, material and immaterial. The mind is so great because void of quantity, and the universe so spacious because spirit pervades every part and particle of its matter.

METACHEMISTRY.

Solidity is an illusion of the senses. Everything is fluent and aflame, — the spiritual metachemistry resolving atoms into heat, heat into light, light into motion, motion into force, whereby Spirit recoils on itself, and mind becomes the solvent of the imponderables into their several forms in matter. "All we know of bodies

is that there is something active in the space which they occupy." *

THE BECOMING.

The infinite is alone imperishable. Of the fleeting finite, nothing abides or remains. The fugitive Becoming resolves itself into the stable Being from whence it proceeds. Atoms revolve, images shine, facts pass; ideas survive the fleeing forms and are eternal. The globes are ever making, never made.

"Matter, while it fleeteth fast,
Returneth to the soul at last."

ORBIS PICTUS.

An *orbis pictus* of Spirit, the globes present themselves in a series of resolving views, an ideal geometry and optics of the flowing life, which to the senses seems fixed and still, yet is figuring in view the while as on a screen,

"The things without figure."

* "The physicist cannot admit into his science the conception common to ordinary life, namely, that material existence, so far as it strikes our senses, is *actual reality*, and the bearer of all *other reality*. He must not alone grant that the properties of bodies depend on their chemical nature (a fact which has been long perceived), but it must stand clearly before his mind that bodies are only phenomena which are produced by active *forces*, of which no single one is in itself a body; even more than this, he cannot view bodies as constantly existing which is so entirely the silent supposition of the experience of ordinary life; he must perceive *that that which is, does not exist a single moment by itself, but only through a constant reciprocal action with all that surrounds it, and more or less directly with the entire universe.*"
— *Oersted.*"



To the senses, things appear linear, orb'd to thought. The lines of genesis, like flames, show spirally and aspirant. The spiral includes all known figures.

“Principles, like fountains, flow round ceaselessly, Whirling in eddying evolutions of wavelets.”

REASON ABSOLUTE.

There must be mind to presuppose matter possible. To affirm that there is no passage from mind to matter were to deny even the possibility of matter itself, since the assertion sets out from mind. And only mind can affirm or deny anything, — cannot deny itself even, being itself self-affirmation and intuition of Being. Every sense needs the whole mind's endorsement to render its verdicts trustworthy. “But if one is so fugitive and unsettled that he will not stand by the verdict of his own faculties, you can no more fasten anything upon him than you can write in the water or tie knots of the wind.”

IDEAS.

“We learn all things indeed by occasion of experience; but the very facts to be learned force us inward on the antecedents that must be presupposed in order to render experience itself possible. An idea is an experiment proposed; an experiment is an idea realized.”

Ideas mediate between facts and truths, as the rainbow spans an arc of the heavens. Without ideas the facts would remain confused and uninterpretable, since things are explained only by the reason translating them from things into ideas. "The sphere of the senses and the sphere of reason are not merely distinct, but antagonistic; and it is only by an inversion of phenomena that we pass into the region of causes."

INTUITION.

Intuitive truths are self-affirmative and their own evidence. Because He cannot swear by one greater than himself, therefore doth he utter himself in a "*Thus saith the Lord,*" the true and Absolute, "without variability or shadow of turning."

INSTINCT.

Instinct divines what the understanding cannot perceive, nor reason at once apprehend. Its presentiments are oracular and personal, — the voice of Spirit to the mind entire. Reason, imagination, fancy, memory, understanding, all certify and translate according to their special function, the behests of the spirit. All are its pupils and mediators. Instinct, intuition, vocation embosom and express whatsoever the Spirit vaticinates and verifies in experience.

Like birds of passage, the instincts drift the soul

adventurously beyond the horizon of sensible things, as if intent on convoying it to the mother country from whence it had flown. "Instinct harmonizes the interior of animals; Religion, the interior of man." Alike in our wakeful and somnolent moments, it evokes from the memory, secrets hidden from us at other times, as if memory and fancy then opened wide their folding-doors and delivered the soul out of its dormitory of space and time into its pre-existent heavens.

"Sense is but the employment of the dormant soul. So much of the soul as is merged in body, so far it sleeps. And its vigilance is an ascent from the body, since a resurrection with a body were but a transformation from sleep to sleep and from dream to dream, like men passing in the dark from bed to bed. That alone is the real ascension which frees the soul from the shadowy essence of body."

Nothing fairly represents mind but mind. Nature is but the picture-book with which we toy in wonderment and task ourselves life-long. As the glass reflects the features, so nature mirrors mind. No one beholds himself personally, but only his apparition and effigy. Man is a soul using the body as an instrument.*

Body is *not me*, is nothing; so when thought fails to find the me, it substitutes not me or nothing — the void

* "If we say spiritual souls are not in their bodies, but their bodies in them, we have Plato's authority to vouch for us. And by favor of an easy simile, we may affirm these to be to the body as the light of a candle to the feculent snuff, which, as it is not pent up in it, so neither does it partake of its impurity."

of me—instead, nothing as nothing being inconceivable. It owes its seeming for the moment to the being with which thought endows it, and *is* because of this: is not in itself. Being *is*, and in this are all things, out of which is only chaos.

“The light of Nature lends
But feeble light, and leads to her own ends;
And shadows thrive the more in stature
The nearer we approach the light of Nature.”

SELF-FINDING.

Conversant with things only, the senses are necessarily idolaters. Thought unsensualizes and restores the mind to the vision of ideas, the truths of the pure reason, the revelations of the Spirit. Transcending the senses and the understanding, thinking exalts the mind into self-consciousness. To think essentially, absolutely, is the finding of the Person or Self, distinct from matter and mortality. One must climb the summits to command the prospects and salute the sources of light and of Pure Being. Not without significance spreads the sky overhead for the highest and holiest known to the mind.

“The vulgar saw thy tower, thou saw'st the sun.”

LIFE'S LADDER.

“Theology and philosophy unbind the ligaments that chain the soul down to earth, and assist her flight to-

wards the foreign good. There is an instinct or tendency of the mind upwards, which shows a natural endeavor to recover and raise ourselves from our present sensual and low condition into a state of higher order and purity. The perceptions of sense are gross, but even in the senses there is a difference. Though harmony and proportion are not objects of sense, yet the eye and the ear are organs by means wherewith the soul may apprehend the one and the other. By experiments of sense we become acquainted with the lower faculties of the soul, and from them, whether by gradual evolution or ascent, sense supplies images for memory. These become subjects for fancy to work upon. Reason considers and judges of imagination; and all these acts of reason become new objects of understanding. In this scale, each lower faculty is a step that leads to one above it; and the uppermost naturally leads to the Deity, who is rather the object of intellectual knowledge than even of the discursive faculty, not to mention the sensitive.”*

The stairway of nature conducts through the visible world to the second flight, the mind, and this in con-

*“O Adam! one Almighty is, from whom
 All things proceed, and up to him return,
 If not depraved from good; created all
 Such to perfection; our first nature all
 Indued with various forms, various degrees
 Of substances, and in things that live, of life;
 But more refined, more spirituous and pure,
 As nearer to him placed or nearer tending,
 Each in their several active spheres assigned,
 Till body up to spirit work in bounds

tinuation of the first—from the level landing-place of things rising upwards, on the several faculties, to the open dome of Spirit, displaying, as we rise, the successive stories and apartments of the vast temple of Being.

THE PRESENCE.

I.

THE PERSON

UNITES	IDENTIFIES	DIVIDES
AS SOUL	AS WILL	AS MIND
Lives	Deliberates	Thinks
Experiences	Chooses	Thoughts
Whence?	Who?	What?
INSTINCT	VOLITION	MEMORY
Divines	Purposes	Recalls
Feelings	Acts	Events
Thence?	Now?	Once?
IMAGINATION	CONSCIENCE	REASON
Conceives	Rectifies	Judges
Ideas	Duties	Truths
How?	Ought?	Why?
FANCY	SENSE	UNDERSTANDING
Represents	Notes	Perceives
Forms	Things	Facts
Thus?	Where?	Which?

SUBSTANCE.

Proportioned to each kind. So from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalk; from thence the leaves
 More airy; last the bright, consummate flower
 Spirits odorous breathes. Flowers and their fruits,
 Man's nourishment by gradual scale sublimed
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual; give birth to life and sense,
 Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
 Reason receives, and Reason is her being
 Discursive or intuitive." — *Milton*.

In this house of many mansions, the home of **THE PERSON**, the faculties take precedence according to their special endowments, each ranging freely throughout its allotted courts, divining those above and descending at choice to all below.



II.

GENESIS.

“They that affect men’s minds with impiety and atheism make that which is the first cause of generation and corruption to be the last thing in the universe, and that which is the last to be the first. From hence proceeds their error concerning the being of God; that is, they make mind and soul to be the last thing, and body and matter to be the first.

—*Dr. Cudworth.*





CREATION.

THE ancient wise men obscurely signified the Genesis of matter in their mysteries, wherein they represented the virile Hermes as the ideal Reason or creative Spirit, generating the world of visible things. Their Genesis was thus spiritually conceived and conducted; Creation was a descent, Spirit stooping to organize things. Effects were suspended from causes, successively in series and degrees; Spirit, the Cause of all causes, first fashioning man ideally, and through him derivatively generating the visible hierarchy of natural creatures and things in matter. The soul, being a descendant of divinity, was taken to be the eldest of all things in the corporeal world. It was the source of all motion and generation in it. Pre-existing before bodies it presided over and ruled these. From whence it followed that ideas were older than things, and therefore sensation, thought, and volition were in order before length, breadth, and profundity.

IDEAS.

“As everything which operates essentially produces an image of itself, He therefore who fashions the uni-

verse fashions an image of himself. But if this be the case, he contains in himself the causes of the universe, and these causes are *ideas*. To which we may add that the perfect must necessarily antedate the imperfect; unity, multitude; the indivisible, the divisible; and that which abides perpetually the same, that which subsists in necessary mutation. From all which it follows that things do not originate from baser natures, but that they end in these; and that they commence from natures the most perfect, the most beautiful, and the best. For it is not possible that the intellect should be unable to apprehend things equal, similar, and the like, and that the Artificer of the universe should not contain in himself the essentially equal, just, beautiful, and good, and in short, everything which has a universal and perfect subsistence, and which, from its residence in Deity, forms a link of that luminous chain of essences to which we may give the name of ideas."

TYPES.

"In every type of beings there is a first, a middle, and a last, in order that the progression of things may form an unbroken series, originating in Deity and terminating in matter. In consequence of this connection, *one* part of the human species naturally coalesces, through transcendency, with beings of an *order superior to man*; *another* part, through degradation, unites with the *brute* species; and a *third* part, as the connecting

medium between the other two, surpasses those properties which *characterize the human* in a manner not exceeding, but exactly commensurate with, the condition of humanity." The series descends, ascends, graduates accurately the intelligence of the several types, their genera and species. Above the head there is nothing material, as beneath the feet there is nothing intellectual. Everywhere, throughout the animal kingdom, heads typify supremacy, spines subordination. Crowned with forehead and face, man epitomizes, idealizes all subordinate creatures; these betraying, under every guise of features, every limb, some trait or trace of his fallen physiognomy. The protoplast of all lower forms, through him descend, by degradation of his essence, every type into corresponding organs. The lower man descends the more he resembles the brute,—a degrading passion transforms the human into the brute. An unusual likeness between features of persons and the lower animals indicates a corresponding likeness of character.

Not by volume, but by quality, which the calipers fail to measure or scales weigh, does wit declare the values of the imponderable essences, sensibility and thought. The countenance tells the tale. The crowned head belongs to art, exalts all below into nobility. The ideal type is built over the eyes, the animal



downwards. The fair types are hyperboreal, the dark Oriental: intermingled, these form the present generations of mankind. Every departure from ideal beauty is a degradation of it. The one form embosoms all forms, these having a common likeness at their base of difference. All heads are portraits, more or less exact, of the typical Godhead. But the features elude stiffening in the brittle clay.*

SEX.

Without sex bodies could not be. For thus the One distributes himself in counterparts, returning hereby into himself. An exposition of the sexual laws would solve the mysteries of incarnation, the genesis of material things.†

“ — As well try write
How roses first came red and lilies white.”

* “The first Beauty,” says Ficinus, “is the splendor of the Father of Lights and the figure of his Person, from which there shines forth a threefold radiance: the first through angelic minds, the second through intellectual souls, the third through beautiful bodies; these reflecting the same light, as it were, through three different glasses of different colors, and accordingly they successively reflect a different splendor from the First.”

† “It is easy to understand that a city ought not to be mixed like a cup, in which the maddened wine when poured forth effervesces, but one that, being corrected by another and a sober deity, does, after receiving a beautiful commingling, produce a good and moderate drink. Yet not one, so to say, is able to clearly see this taking place in the mingling of the sexes. On this account it is best to leave alone things of this kind by legislation, and to endeavor by charms to persuade parents to set a greater value upon the quality of their offspring.”

— *Plato.*

INCARNATION.

Living is incarnation. Quick with spirit in alternate systole and diastole, the tides course along, incarnating organ and vesicle in their ceaseless flow. Let the pulsations pause for an instant, creation ebbs into invisibility. The visible world is the extremest wave of the spiritual flood, its flux being living, confluence body, efflux decease. Organization is spirit's confine and bodies its substance. Life is procreant.* "All matter," says Aristotle, "desires form as the female desires the male." All delights are seminal, being spirit in transition and bodies in embryo. "Each globule of blood is a microcosm, containing in act all the series that precede it, and in potency, therefore, a whole human race; for the seed arises from the blood."

"The paternal mind soweth symbols in souls." †

ANCESTRY.

Blood is a genesis and destiny: once meliorated and

* "The germinal or living matter may be said to be the domicile of the ego, but so rough are our methods of investigation that when we begin to search for the ego, we destroy its habitation, and the ego escapes whither we cannot follow it."
— *Dr. Beal.*

† "An animal exists, body and soul, before conception in the sperm, and by means of conception is made merely to undergo a great transformation. As generation, moreover, is but development and increase, so death is no more than envelopment and diminution. There may be metamorphoses, but no metempsychoses among animals. The soul changes its organs gradually and is at no time completely deprived of them. So that not only the soul, but the animal even, is indestructible. Only God is without a body."

— *Leibnitz.*

ennobled by virtue and genius, by culture, it resists baser mixtures and preserves its purity for many generations. Intermarriage modifies but does not efface the family type. Blood determines native traits and dispositions; persistent, pitiless it may be, sometimes victimizing its owner, yet never so fatally as to leave no margin of choice, unless idiocy or insanity predestine his earthly race. Lust fathers the animal, love mothers the man.

“Man has three forms of three worlds in him, and is the complete image of his Creator. And there are three masters contesting for his form in his incarnation. The predominant one only tunes his instrument and the others lie hid; and as soon as he appears, his innate, genuine form appears by his words and conversation. And so great is the difference in their procreation, that one brother or sister doth not as the other.”

No one can be indifferent to the matter of descent without missing the key for unlocking the mysteries of character. The blood intermingled with his flows in strict accordance with laws that neither discipline nor climate shall wholly stem or countervail. Ancestral dispositions and traits are not safely ignored. Genealogies tell tales. And it is a significant fact of our times that the genesis of species, races, families, and individuals is receiving the attention of accomplished thinkers and careful observers. Thanks to the Darwins and their school,—whatever their pretensions to scientific certainty.

TEMPERAMENTS.

The temperaments denote the climate and zone of our individuality, the planetary body we inhabit. They fit us closely or loosely. To the wise a flowing garment, to the foolish a close jacket, a web of fate. The Nemesis of descent, it is not optional with the Fates to leave uncut threads themselves did not willingly spin. Obeying the conservative laws of things, they ply the shears of the destiny that clips individual threads woven by time into the tissues of the coming generation. Destiny spares only those whom divinity willingly admits to mortality.

“ See the weird women ! Clotho stands behind
 Wielding her distaff; then the one who spins
 And rules the threads, and she who cuts them off.
 O Atropos ! Unchangeable ! The Greeks
 Gave thee that name ; but when thy severing steel
 Comes near the silver cord of human life,
 We must remember, if we keep our faith,
 That though ye fashion destiny to-day,
 Thou and thy sisters are but mortal too,
 And have no office in the life to come.”

The sunnier the temperament, the more genial and radiant ; the more lunar, the more nocturnal and melancholy. The fair reflect the prismatic colors, the dark absorb the rays. The pure genius is clothed with the rainbow.* We see *in* light being formed *of* light.

*“ The colors,” says Goethe, “ are acts of light. The eye may be said to owe its existence to light, which calls forth, as it were, a sense akin to itself. The eye, in short, is formed with reference to light, to be fit for the action

“Were the eye not sunny, how could we see the light? Were God’s spirit not with us, how could we discern spiritual things?” “God,” said the magi, “has light for his body and truth for his soul.” Light and incense are parts and particles of our essence; we cannot escape from the flames we feed upon, cannot perish clean from our ashes. Our embers are still embryos. We toy with sunbeams from our cradles, dazzled life-long by the celestial splendors. How we grasped at the rays with our tiny hands!

Light us, Sovereign Lamp! Flood our souls with thy fervors! Illuminate our heavens with thy radiance! Born of fires, swathed in earths, in waters bathed, on ethers fed, and greedy of elemental life, our souls aflame of THEE, — incline us, O Fluid and Seminal LIGHT! to quaff immortal memories from Thy resplendent urns, ever filling, never full, our souls of Thee.

“Light without darkness is the incommunicable claim of him who dwelleth in light unapproachable. ’T is no disparagement to philosophy that it cannot deify us or make good the impossible promise of the primitive deceiver. It is that which she owns above her that must perfectly remake us after the image of our maker.”

of light: the light it contains corresponding with the sight within.” Aristotle’s *Genesis of the organs of sense* runs thus: “The pupil of the eye is from water, of the hearing from the air, of the smell from one of these. But fire is either the organ of no sense or is common to all the senses, since there is no sensation without heat. And earth is either the organ of no sense, or is most peculiarly ministered by the touch.”

III.

PERSON.

“As myself is present to me in an incomprehensible manner, so
God is present to me likewise in an incomprehensible manner.”

Jacobi.

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'TIS reported in Sicilian fable that Hero, King of Sicily, asked Simonides, the poet, for a definition of Deity. Simonides first requested a day to consider, then two more days, then doubled and redoubled the number, till the king, growing impatient for an answer, and demanding the reason for the delay, was told by the poet that the longer he considered the question, the more impossible he found the answer. And were the question put to any to define his mind, a like answer would be returned. Yet the mind is felt to be that by which we divine whatsoever we absolutely know, the term Person answering to our deepest apprehension of its essence and being. "God is not a name for God, but an indication of what we conceive of Him."

PERSONAL IDENTITY.

Personal identity is the sole identity. "That which knows and that which is known," says Aristotle, "are really the same thing." The knowing that "*I am*" affirms also the Personality immanent in all Persons, and hence of the Supreme Person, since distinct from

Personality neither mind nor God were thinkable. And it were impossible to have like conceptions in our minds, if we did not partake of one and the same intellect.

Were God not God, I were not I,
Myself in Him myself descry.

An impersonal God were an absurdity. Personality is essential to the idea of spirit, and man, as man, were unthinkable without the presupposition of Personality. It is *the I* that gives subsistence to nature and reality to mind. Where the I is *not*, nothing is. Religion and science alike presuppose its presence as their postulate and ground. It is the essence of which substance is manifestation. Qualities are adherent in substance, and substance is one and spiritual. Personal identity is spiritual, not numerical, souls being one, bodies not one. Any number of bodies never attain to unity, since it is the One in each that defines and denotes it. The Personality is inclusive of the One in each and all.

THE ONE AND THE MANY.

“The mind so far forth as *Person* is one, therein resembling the divine One by participation, and imparting to other things what itself participates from Above. This is agreeable to the doctrine of the ancients, however the contrary opinion of supposing number to be an original primary quality in things independent of the mind may obtain among the moderns. This much,

upon the whole, may be concluded, — that, distinct from the mind and its sensations, there is in created things neither unit nor number.” “*One* is the world through the bond of Deity alone, and made according to proportion.”

All theories of the Godhead involve ideas of the one and the many — of the Personal and individual or impersonal, Trinity and Unity — as prime factors. And the different schools and sects in theology take rank accordingly. *Individualism*, the independence of the many of the One, leads of necessity to polytheism, pantheism, atheism, materialism, and blank nihilism, implied or professed. *Personalism*, the dependence of the many on the One, on the other hand, conducts by logical sequence to theism, idealism, and the positive faiths of the orthodox sects. Christianity *Personalized* the pagan notion of fate with the added idea of free agency, the One God instead of the many gods enthroned in the pagan Pantheon, thus reconciling the contradiction of free will and destiny by a spiritual unity and mediation.

Jesus affirmed himself to be “*One with the Father*,” that man’s Personality was derivative and filial, partaking of his divinity in his individual humanity. And St. John writes: “*Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His spirit.*” Embosomed in man’s person is the Personal One, proceeding forth and returning into Himself mediatorially, cancelling His duality through His tripli-

city, and hereby reconciling soul and mind in the spiritual reciprocity of the Will.

“One is The One in Holy Three,
Unlapsed in self’s duplicity.”*

ATHEISM.

The fool’s conceit is “*There is no God,*” hereby nullifying his own existence in his ignorance of himself. Till he find himself Personally he is Godless and adrift. No one can fully dissociate the notion of God from his thought; in some shape or another it adheres to his Person and affirms itself obscurely if not openly. It is thus that Spirit stoops to incarnate itself to the senses, and reveal the Person to himself. An impersonal faith, be its pretensions what they may, becomes frosted with superstitions and chilled with atheisms from which the heart turns with aversion and dread. “The heart has arguments with which the reason is not acquainted.” Head and heart must live together

* “I wish,” said St. Augustine, “that men would but consider these three things within themselves: I confess they are different from the Trinity; but yet let them exercise their thoughts and try, and so find how far off they are.

“I say, then, that these things are *to be, to know, and to will; for I am, and I know, and I will. I am, knowing; and I am, willing; and I know myself to be and to will; and, I will, both to be and to know.*

“Therefore, in these three let him that can reach to it comprehend how inseparable that *life, and one life, and one understanding, or mind, and one essence, is; and how inseparable a distinction there is, whilst yet there is a distinction, let him that can reach to it comprehend. The cause depends in his own court; nay, let him mark and judge, for it is within himself, and then let him tell out his mind.*”

in sympathetic fellowship, else faith and hope die out of one's days, and darkness, if not despair, succeed. Even God becomes a phantom, if separated and seen apart from one's Person; for where God is not, spectres fill the void to revel and terrify. "God is present to him that can touch Him; but to him that cannot he is not present. And there lieth our happiness; and to be moved from hence is but to partake less of being."

Without the thread of Personality, no clew is found to conduct man beyond into a certain future of continuance. Personality is the key to the mystery of human existence. It unlocks every ward of Spirit. Our instincts divine our continuance, defy intellect to think extinction possible. Infinite in essence, we cannot consent to remain prisoners of time and space; we seek by faith and soar in vision into our native regions of light and of longevity.

— Immortal is the mind,
And of its kingdom there's no end.

"The human mind requires the permanent and abiding under all changes. And this it finds in the fact revealed by its consciousness of its Personality, — the continuous act of Will by which every one affirms and maintains himself as an '*I am*.' And this very process, by which one becomes cognizant of his spiritual being and abiding Personality, reveals to him the higher truth of an Eternal *I am*, without whom he cannot affirm his own being."

MAN AND BRUTE.

Personality and Individuality differ as do man and brute. As animal and no more, man is individual ; as Personal he is spiritual. His individuality distinguishes him from other individuals of his kind, his Personality unites and identifies him with all Persons. Animals are impersonal. Personality is the link that lifts man above the animal, and distinguishes him as a Person. An animal is deficient in a Personal Will. It knows not that it is an *I*. "That which specially distinguishes the spirit of man from the souls of the lower animals is its knowledge of necessary truths. These make science possible and elevate man to the knowledge of himself and of God." *

WILL.

The soul obeys higher laws than it transgresses, else it would depose itself from holiness. Three parties are present in every deliberative act, — our Personal and individual self, the Spirit underlying and overbrooding both. While in the swing, we incline to either extreme,

* "The fact that man can entertain the conception of his ego lifts him infinitely over all other beings on earth. It is this that constitutes him a *Person*, and, by virtue of the unity of consciousness, amongst all the changes that may happen to him, one and the same person, that is, a being quite distinct by rank and dignity from *things*, such as irrational animals are, with whom we can do as we please; and this even when he cannot yet speak of his *I*, since he at least thinks it, and as all languages must think it when speaking in the first person, even though they have not a special word for it. For this faculty of thinking is the understanding Reason itself." — *Kant*.

till our final determination is made. Our choices are our Satans or Saviours for time and eternity. Who shall escape from the retribution of his deeds without aid from Above?

Man as an animal is all animals in One individually. He has the weapons of all stacked in his frame, awaiting his seizure as he wills. There sleep within a thousand instincts, a system of lives, all ready to spring forth at his bidding. Yet this thousand, and the One more potent than all of them, slumber unfear'd and harmless in his loins till his Will lets them loose. What ordnance for good or for evil is here? What but God's grace, and a heavenly descent, can save thee from thyself? *

CHOICE.

Our choices are our destiny. Nothing is ours that our choices have not made ours. Our wills are creators. As we will we come into possession of ourselves; we were not selves, but *things*, without these. The will is Personal. The having a will differences man from

* "The will makes the beginning, the middle, and the end of everything: it is the only workman in Nature, and everything is its work. It has all power, its work cannot be hindered, it carries all before it. It enters wherever it wills and finds everything it seeks; for its seeking is its finding. The will overrules all nature, because nature is its offspring and born of it; for all properties of nature, whether they be good or evil, in darkness or in light, in love or in hatred, in wrath or in meekness, in pride or in humility, in trouble or joy, are all the offspring and birth of the will: as that wills, so they live; and as that changes, so they change. So that whatever you are or whatever you feel, is all owing to the working and creating power of your own will."

— *William Law.*

animals. "In order to be a *Will*, in any proper sense of the word, the will must will, what it cannot otherwise than will, its own being as an undivided Will. It must be *Itself*, continuously, invariably, self-consistently, and this is what we mean by a single will or *Person*."

FREEDOM.

The soul's world is not created for its occupant, but by him. One must *be*, not by another's, but by his own determination. Choice is the creator. God (so to speak) were not God, if not free and fulfilling the conditions of freedom absolute and self-determined. Freedom is the crowning attribute of Godhead, and of manhood also. God is God because free in freedom, and man is man while maintaining himself in freedom superior to fate.

Pure Personal Power is above restraint or constraint, being a law in itself, a trust in keeping of the unlapsed, — the Holy. Holiness is above deliberating, is righteousness. It is single in purpose and performance, contemporaneous and one. Virtue is virtue in choosing the right against temptation to choose and do the wrong. It deliberates and resolves righteously. Vice chooses the wrong, loves and pursues it unscrupulously. These typify the threefold states of the will, and rank respectively the holy, the virtuous, the vicious.

CONSCIENCE.

Ever present and operant in the breast is *That* which never becomes a party in one's guilt, conceives never an evil thought, consents never to an unrighteous deed, never sins, but holds itself impeccable, immutable, Personally holy,—the conscience, counsellor, comforter, judge, and executor of the Spirit's decrees. None can flee from the Spirit's presence, nor hide from himself.*

The reserved powers are the Mighty Ones. Side by side sleep the Whispering Sisters and the Eumenides. Nor is conscience appeased till the *sentence is pronounced*. There is an oracle in the breast, an unsleeping police; and ever the court sits, dealing doom or deliverance. Our sole inheritance is our deeds. While remorse stirs in the sinner, there remains hope of his redemption. "Only he to whom all things are one, who draweth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, may enjoy true peace and rest of spirit."

None can escape THE PRESENCE. THE OUGHT is everywhere and imperative. Alike guilt in the soul and anguish in the flesh affirm His ubiquity. Matter in particle and planet, mind and macrocosm, is quick with Spirit.

* Montalgne, in his *Essay on Conscience*, relates this story, which, he adds, is in every child's mouth. Bessus, the Paonean, being reproached with wantonness for pulling down a nest of young sparrows and killing them, replied he had reason so to do, seeing that the little birds never ceased falsely to accuse him of the murder of his father. This parricide had till then been concealed and unknown, but the revenging fury of conscience caused it to be discovered by himself, who was justly to suffer for it.

"Despotic conscience rules our hopes and fears."



IV.

THE LAPSE.

“I inquired what iniquity was, and found it to be no substance, but the perversion of the will from Thee, the Supreme, towards lower things.”

—*St. Augustine.*

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DEGENERACY.

“OUR misery is not of yesterday, but is as ancient as the first criminal, and the ignorance we are involved in is almost coeval with our human nature: not that we were made so by God, but by ourselves. We were his creatures; sin and misery were ours. We are not like the creatures we were made, and have not only lost our Maker’s image, but our own, and do not much more transcend the creatures God and nature have placed at our feet than we come short of our ancient selves.”

The Orientals defined Fate to be the penalty of deeds committed in a former state of existence. And the like penalty is reaffirmed by Jews and Christians, ancestral sins being visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation, — by imputation upon the race itself. Science, elucidating the old theology, traces the transmitted propensities still more directly to their sources in the Adams and Eves populating every household. And private statistics testify that however saintly the ancient heads of houses may have been, many a prodigal illustrates the vicarious code.

“*If a house be builded in wrong it shall blossom in vice.*”

SIN ORIGINAL.

All sins are original, having their root in the will. Tendencies to evil may be inherited, but are sinless till chosen and loved as sinful. Errors are not sins, but mistakes of judgment. Yet sins pervert judgment, abridge freedom of the will, and predestine the soul's fate.

“Sin, to speak properly,” says an old mystic, “is nothing else but a degeneration from a holy state, an apostasy from a holy God. Religion is a participation of God, and sin is a straggling off from him. Therefore it is wont to be defined by negatives,—a departure from God, a forsaking of him, a living in the world without him. The soul's ‘falling off from God’ describes the general nature of sin; but then as it sinks into itself, or settles upon the world, and fastens upon the creature, or anything therein, so it becomes specified, and is called pride, covetousness, ambition, and by many other names.”

“In better understandings sin began;
 Angels first sin, next devils, and then man.
 Only, perchance, beasts sin not: the sinners, we,
 Less man than beast in white integrity.”

THE TEMPTER.

Lapsed from original holiness, man's soul falls below choice and deliberation even. His appetites depraved, his passions perverted, his will divided, he forfeits

his personal freedom and becomes the victim of his lusts. Thus dethroned, he is the subtlest of all creatures, the adversary and tempter. "Because thou' hast done this thou art thus debased beneath the cattle and creeping things; dust-eating, downtrodden, and abhorred." *

There is in every one a Serpent, an Eve, and an Adam. Our senses and natural affections are the Eve, the Adam is our reason dethroned, the Serpent is our concupiscence —

"Man's pride,
Which aims at things denied,
That learned and cloquent lust
Instead of mounting high creeps low upon the dust."

DESCENT.

Souls do not lapse in equal degrees, but each according to similitude of disposition, no one so low as to lose its type beyond recovery. And it is conceivable that some preserve their integrity intact, never descending into matter and mortality.

"Perchance God shapes souls bodiless, pure minds,
Lapsed souls shape those that fleshly be,
Man's soul the horizon 'twixt both kinds,
In whom we do the world's abridgment see."

"Sinning souls," said Plato, "fall down into perish-

* "The soul is the man, not the outward shape. If she live, therefore, but the life of the brute; if her vital operation, her vigorous will and complacency, be that which a beast likes, I cannot see that she is any more than a living brute, or a beast in man's clothes."
— Cicero.

able bodies, and are restored to immortality by repentance and amendment of life."

Loaded with necessity, grave with fate, bodies droop and decline in consequence, matter filling the void souls should occupy, — the man dismembered, deposed, and treading the while upon the prostrate torso of his fallen form.

DURANCE.

Every sin provokes its punishment. Fortunate if it enable one to fathom the depth of his lapse, and save him from himself. The soul that sinneth forfeits its freedom.

"Know withal

In man's original lapse true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinned, and from her hath dividual being.
Reason in man obscured, is not obeyed;
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free."

Evil is retributive: every trespass slips fetters on the will, holds the soul in durance till contrition and repentance restore it to liberty. Not even in Pandemonium may sinners run at large, nor in Paradise without their tether. The eternal laws prevail and must be obeyed throughout the universe.

GOOD AND EVIL.

“ Evil no *nature* hath : the loss of good
Is that which gives Sin its livelihood.”

A check on itself, evil subserves the economies of good, as it were a condiment to give relish to good ; men, like animals, — or the animal in them rather, the man demonized and debased, — fated to be stimulated by something of a contrary nature, as if his vices were for the moment invigorated by participating in the virtues that fed his appetites, were whetted by attrition on his vices. And since sinning had its original from the desire of pleasure, it must of necessity be cured by pain ; for here also evils are the cures of evils.

Gracious God ! what scales and ladders we are, sometimes descending from thy mountain of holiness even to the pits of perdition ; yet never losing Thee, or being wholly lost ; Thine, whether we acknowledge Thee or forget Thee ; Thy Spirit our helper, as we help, as we hinder, lapse or rise !

“ He out of good can bring
Evil to man, dread battle, tearful woes.
He and no other. - Open to man's sight
Were all the chain of things, could he behold
The Godhead ere he steps on earth.”

COMPASSION.

The sight of sin softens and subdues. And who so inhuman as to insult the sinful? Best of men is he who, tolerant of human infirmity, comprehends

its frailties and forbears the stern rebuke. Never are the human prerogatives so nobly displayed as when compassioning the wicked and weak, defending them against themselves even by kindly clemency and forbearance. *It takes more than man to treat man justly and graciously.* The greater the sin, by so much greater the measures of mercy, the tenderness, the long-suffering, defending the sinner against his sins and awakening the convictions that bring him to confession and repentance.

It costs a Christianity of graces, a Redeemer's sacrifice, to be truly charitable, humane, and helpful to a fallen fellow, though he were but a single remove from one's self in debasement. Every soul appeals to the supreme court in the breast for judgment; believing there is in every heart a better friend than foe, a judge just as justice itself; an instinct of compassion which commends the offender to mercy; all men feeling the need of clemency, and plead secretly if not openly for forgiveness.

"Bias, obliged to judge one of his friends who was to be punished with death, wept before all the Senate before pronouncing the sentence. 'Why do you weep,' said some one, 'since it depends upon yourself to clear or condemn the criminal?' 'I weep because Nature forces me to compassionate the miserable, and the laws order me to have no regard to the impulses of Nature.'"

SYMPATHY.

Strengthen me by sympathizing with my strength, not my weakness. I fall readily enough without help from any one. Can you assist me to rise? It may need all your strength, all mine, and more, — the Supernatural assistance, which is never withheld from any seeking humbly its succors. And this is what I crave, most need, — the helpful service, the sympathy that revives and consoles. It is seeing, behind all enmities, the friend there is there, that gives to forgiveness its divine effect, — the loving one better than he loves himself even.

Suffering for others is Love's fate,
The insufficient soul's estate,
Vicarious cross, sins unforgiven,
Save by atonement in Love's heaven.

Man being a reality, his wants are therefore real. His poverty pledges him what he craves, the human nature seeking succor and sufficiency in the divine fulness. With the uprise of religion in the heart, there comes every satisfaction to fill the void, charm the soul from the abyss, and deliver it from its woes. 'T is the Godhead at which the soul quarries. Too poor to partake of the divine succors at once, man receives by instalments of benefits. His poverty is capacity for fulness. Like a babe at the breast, he imbibes according to his measure of blessings through the long season of his immortal infancy.

DECEASE.

Some time that least welcome of friends invades our dwelling, to assure us how embosomed in divinity are our human affections and how imperishable. Who shall speak words more impressive than silence at such times, or if speaking beside the dear dust, open the glorious hope of immortality? "I am the resurrection and the life." Surely the centuries intervening since these quickening words were pronounced should have certified to every soul ere this its latent immortality. Ah! when shall breathing men cease inquiring whether they breathe or not? "Whoso believes revelation implicitly, without consulting the intellect, is the happiest of mortals, the nearest to heaven, and at once a native of both worlds."



V.

IMMORTALITY.

“Whatsoever that be within us that feels, thinks, desires, and animates, is something celestial, divine, and consequently imperishable.”

— Aristotle.





HOME.

IT matters little where our geography falls, since our planet is our post but for a century at most, —our inn for the night; yet the heart loves to associate itself with some spot ancestral and dear, and call it home.

For home is where heart is,
The heart's where'er we roam;
Home's where our friends are —
The friendless have no home;
Our Edens all unfurnished,
Till into those we come.

The shaft of life is wreathed with the human affections, as the vine embraces the column and climbs into the sun's rays while its roots are nourished from the mould at its base.

Friendship is the soul's heaven. Our desire for fellowship, and the persuasion that departed friends await us, is assurance against all disappointments meanwhile of our rejoining them in the new existence. Personally immortal, man accepts nothing short of an eternity of fellowships in his illimitable future. He is greater than his expectations, a spirit incarnate, and is at once the occupant of two worlds. The Person is immortal.

REMINISCENCE.

We are wont to date our existence from our family registers, and from these our ages. Yet we cannot remember when we did not remember we were, know we were before we found ourselves bodily. Our souls first found us, and we found ourself in them; were born out of them into consciousness of surrounding things.

Baby new to earth and sky,
Finds itself a shapen I;
Feels itself in all it sees
Loveliest of mysteries.*

“We may be justified in asserting,” says Wordsworth, “that the *sense* of Immortality, if not a coexistent or of twin-birth with Reason, is among the earliest of her offspring; and we may further assert that, from these conjoined, and under their continuance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out.”

PRE-EXISTENCE.

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life’s star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

* “Every creaturely spirit must have its own body, and cannot be without it, since the body is that which makes it manifest to itself. It cannot be said to exist as a creature till in a body, because it can have no sensibility of itself, nor feel, nor find either that it is but in and by its own body. Its body is its first knowledge of its *something* and *somewhere*.” — *Wm. Lavo.*

Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home;
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

“Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away
 And fade into the light of common day.”

Without perspective the soul tells its history imperfectly. As conception precedes birth, life quickens life, in like manner souls precede their assumption of the human form. I am before I find myself bodily, and antedate my sensations life long. I find my *past* in my *present*, and from these forecast my *future*. *I recollect and remember myself.*

OBLIVION.

“If all souls retained, in their descent into bodies, the memory of those concerns of which they were conscious in the heavens, there would not be doubts among men about immortality. But as all, in descending, drink of oblivion, some more, others less, on this ac-

count, though truth is not apparent to all men on the earth, yet all have their opinions about it, *because a defect of memory is the origin of opinion*. But those discern most who have drunk least of oblivion, because they easily remember what they had before in the heavens. Memory is a preservation of sensation. It differs from recollection in that what the soul has suffered with the body, it now does, without the body as much as possible, recover or remember. Moreover, when the soul, after losing the memory of things perceived, brings them back again to itself, then it recollects and remembers."

SLEEP.

Our sleep is a significant symbol of the soul's antecedence. Shall I question that I now am, because I am unconscious of being myself while I slept, or because I am conscious of being then unconscious? I am sure of being one and the same Person I then was, and thread my identity through my successive yesterdays into the memory out of which my consciousness was born, nor can I lose myself in the search of myself.*

At best, our mortality is but a suspended animation,

* "O Lord, my God, am I not I even in my sleep? And yet such a difference there is between myself and myself, and between the instants wherein I go from waking to sleeping and return from sleeping to waking! Is my reason, then, shut up with my eye? Is it cast into a slumber with the senses of my body!"
 — *St. Augustine.*

the soul meanwhile awaiting its summons to awaken from its slumbers. Every act of sleep is a metamorphosis of bodies and metempsychosis of souls. We lapse out of the senses into the pre-existent life of memory through the gate of dreams, memory and fancy opening their folding-doors into our past and future periods of existence,—the soul freed for the moment from its dormitory in space and time.

The more of sleep the more of retrospect, the more of wakefulness the more of prospect. Memory marks the horizon of our consciousness, imagination its zenith. Before the heavens thou art, and shall survive their decay. Were man personally finite, he could not conceive of infinity; were he mortal, he could not think immortality. Whatever had a beginning comes of necessity to its end, since it has not the principle of perpetuity inherent in itself. And there is that in man which cannot think annihilation, but thinks continuance. All life is eternal; there is no other. Despair snuffs the sun from the firmament.

“For souls that of His own good life partake
 He loves as His own self; dear as His eye
 They are to Him. He'll never them forsake.
 When they shall die, then God Himself shall die.
 They live, they live in blest eternity.”

LIFE EVERLASTING.

“As, in sailing upon the orb of this planet a voyage towards the regions where the sun sets conducts grad-

ually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its rising, and, in like manner, a voyage towards the east, the birthplace, in our imagination, of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes, so the contemplative soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the country of *everlasting life*; and in like manner, may continue to explore these cheerful tracts till she is brought back, for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things, of sorrow and of tears."

Heart, my heart, whose pulses' play
Repeats each moment's destiny,
Dost all thy life's terrestrial day
Dial on time my past eternity.



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